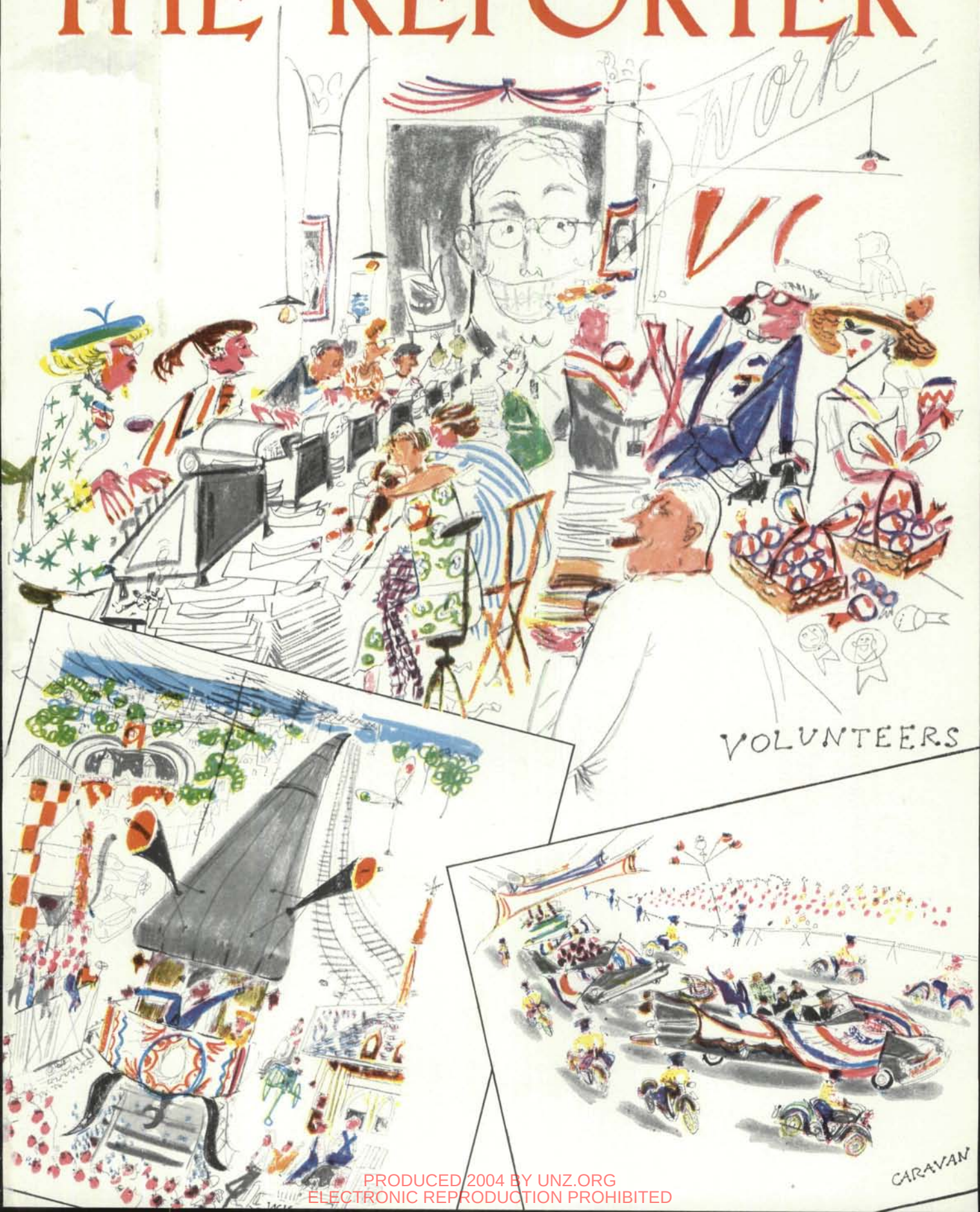
THESE MODERATE ELECTIONS

September [illegible] 1956 25¢

THE REPORTER



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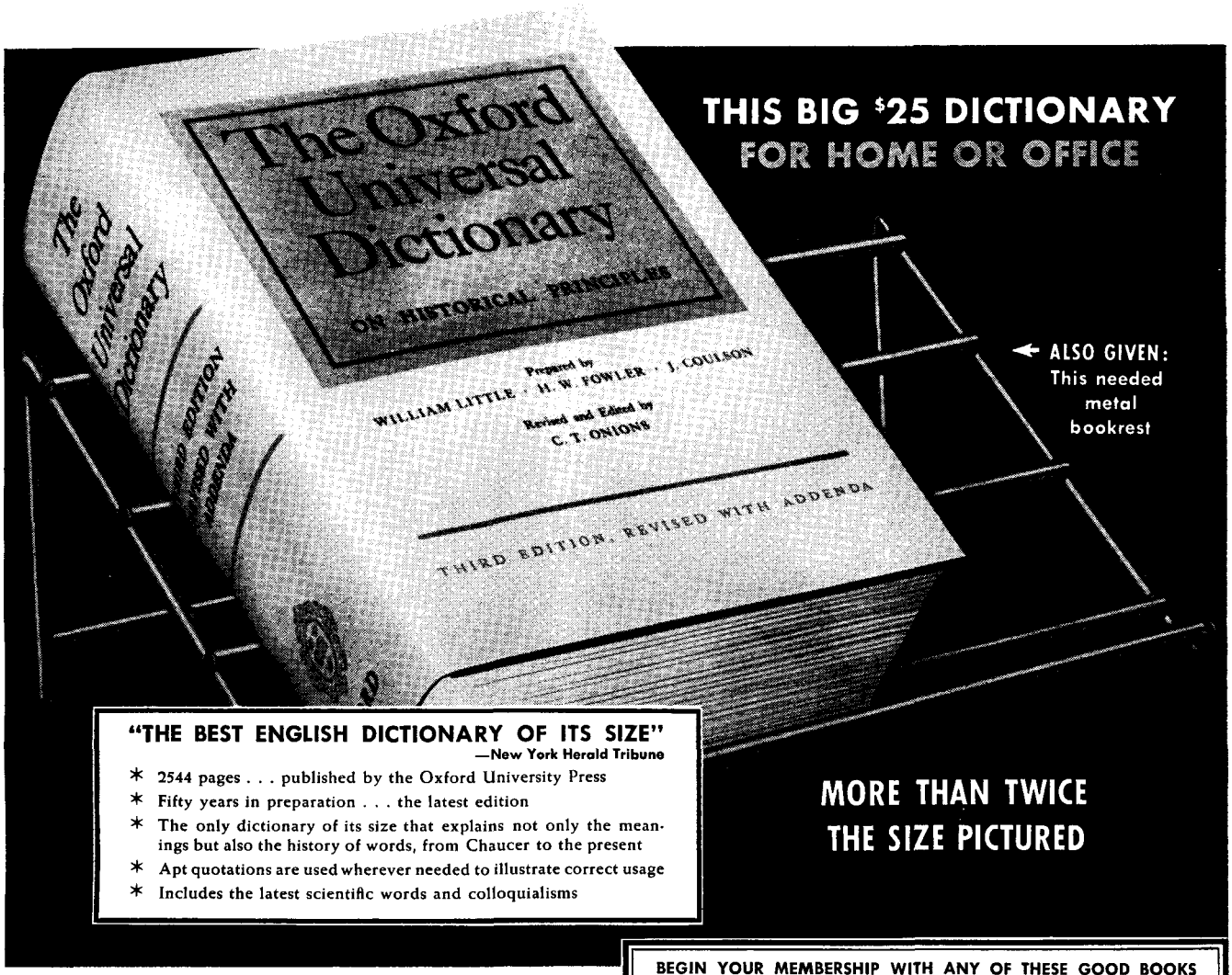
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

As **Max Ascoli's** editorial points out, these two conventions have been neither educational nor good entertainment. But if what the editorial also states turns out to be correct —that their dullness is equaled only by their epoch-making quality—then the Chicago and San Francisco gatherings may prove as fateful as the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** and Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** covered the conventions and—*Reporter* style—dig into some of their more salient and revealing aspects.

Much has been said about the role TV was to play in these elections: It would make traditional campaigning obsolete and furnish immeasurable opportunities for public-relations wizardry and the black magic of opinion molding. But we have our suspicions, borne out in staff-written articles by **William Harlan Hale** and **Marya Mannes,** that the forecasts were exaggerated. Maybe TV shot its bolt covering the 1952 conventions. Maybe it's just that TV can communicate only suspense and drama and that where both are lacking it must fall flat. Mr. Hale reports on the TV opinion-molding plans of both parties. Miss Mannes, in an article based on firsthand observation, describes the ordeal of the men in the control rooms, who sought to provide excitement that was not there. **Paul Jacobs,** a frequent contributor, brings us a new word in *taam*—that describes just what was lacking.

For far too long *The Reporter* has been forced to repeat that our diplomacy is the carbon copy of our military strategy. This trend was there even before the Republicans came to power. **Anthony Leviero,** of the New York *Times* Washington bureau, describes how dangerously far the Republicans have gone in dependence on strategic air power and nuclear weapons—a dependence that may bring about the final disintegration of our system of alliances.

Suez is the western world's latest headache. **Simon Malley,** U.N. correspondent for Egyptian papers, and himself an Egyptian, reports the chain of events that led to President Nasser's decision to nationalize the Canal—a decision that flouts what we consider one of the basic principles for the maintenance of peace: What is supranational in scope must be supranationally controlled.

Hal Lehrman, free-lance writer, describes the state of affairs in Syria, a Near Eastern country that has managed to be at the same time one of the weakest and one of the most troublesome of the lot.

M. Yusuf Buch, Kashmir-born, is U.N. correspondent for the Near and Far East News Agency, London. He is a speaker for the Foreign Policy Association and the American Association for the United Nations, and has written for *The Saturday Review* and other U.S. magazines. He reports on Kashmir's chronic troubles.

Dull conventions may take place in Chicago yet the city still provides colorful characters—witness "The Yellow Kid." **Saul Bellow** is the author of *The Adventures of Augie March.* **William Saroyan's** *The Whole Voyald,* a volume of short stories, will be published in October by Viking. In his inimitable style, Mr. Saroyan gives us his highly personal views on American writing. **Sander Vanocur,** former London correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian* and CBS, has recently returned to this country to work for the New York *Times.* **August Heckscher** is Executive Director of The Twentieth Century Fund. **Brooks Atkinson,** drama critic of The New York *Times,* writes about the curse of blacklisting in the entertainment world. **Jonathan Daniels,** editor of the *News and Observer,* Raleigh, North Carolina, was an administrative assistant to President Roosevelt. **Louis Kronenberger,** editor and critic, is an associate editor of *Time.*

Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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Chicago and San Francisco

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His Is a World of Hunger Unappeased

This is Dimitrios, aged 4. He lives in Athens with his mother, father, little brother and sister. The father, who served in the Greek air force, returned home after the war, ill with active TB. After surgical interference at a sanatorium, he returned to his family. As compensation, the government has given them a monthly pension of $14 per month and a one-room wooden hut with tar-paper roof. There are no facilities. The father, unable to work, cannot provide even the most basic needs. The mother works when she can. They are filled with anguish for their children whom they cannot feed or clothe. To Dimitrios, every day is the same . . . unappeased hunger and vague discomforts which he cannot understand. A sweet, shy child, his eyes tell the story of his misery. Help to him means help to a whole family, hope instead of despair, a bulwark against destructive ideologies. Won't you help Dimitrios and his weary parents or other distressed children, many without one or both parents?

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PRESIDENTS

To the Editor: I read Douglass Cater's article about the Presidency ("The Folklore of an Electronic Presidency," *The Reporter*, July 12) with a great deal of interest and reminiscing. I know the problems of that office from start to finish. I am saying nothing about it except that the Presidency is the greatest office in the history of the world and ought to be treated as such. That is something, however, that the voters will have to decide for themselves.

HARRY S. TRUMAN
Kansas City, Missouri

SECRETARIES OF STATE

To the Editor: In my opinion William Lee Miller's objections to "The 'Moral Force' Behind Dulles's Diplomacy" (*The Reporter*, August 9) are well taken, though I feel he did not distinctly set forth the conclusion which follows from his criticism.

Mr. Dulles is guilty of moralizing. Moralizing in foreign policy is itself immoral, as it tends to make disputes which could easily be compromised into battles between good and evil and thus uncompromisable.

One of the essential elements of the Christian tradition is the recognition of the individual as a sinner and the correlative duty of the individual of forgiveness. When the present Administration proclaims its own virtue and points the finger of moral indignation, it is following a course directly opposite to the mandates of Christianity in spite of all professions to the contrary.

Making a correct moral choice is a difficult business for an individual. Knowledge of the moral laws is not enough. There must also be worldly wisdom—the wisdom which enables one to correctly anticipate the results of his actions so that he will be able to decide which moral law to apply. The problem of a nation in making a moral choice is the same in essence as that of the individual though compounded many times in difficulty. In the words of Mortimer Adler, moral laws are absolute, but their application is relative.

The glib judgments passed by the present Administration make a mockery of the difficult task of moral choice.

MYRON T. MURRAY
Dayton, Ohio

SECRETARIES-GENERAL

To the Editor: I take issue with my friend Alastair Buchan in his praise of Dag Hammarskjold at the expense of Trygve Lie ("NATO on the Operating Table," *The Reporter*, August 9). It was Lie who made his independent power under Article 99 of the United Nations Charter a living force. How can we so soon forget his immense contribution when the Korean War broke out? When Mr. Hammarskjold took over, the theory was that since Mr. Lie had gone too far as an independent power, Mr. Hammarskjold would restore the office more or less to the subordinate status of Sir Eric Drummond's office when that fine gentleman headed the Secretariat of the League of Nations. I don't know to what extent Mr. Hammarskjold shared

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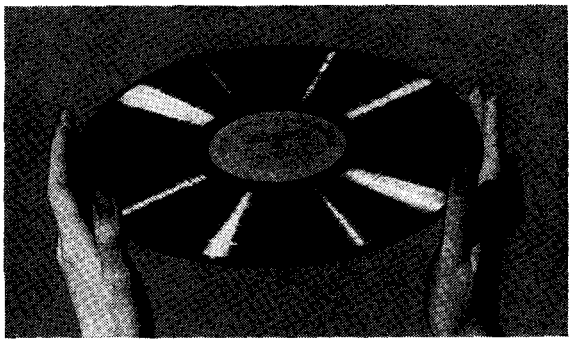

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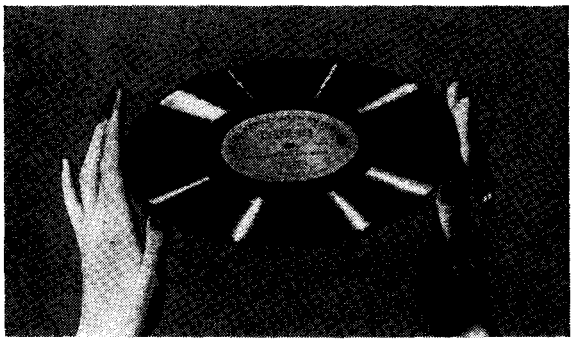

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this feeling. At any rate, before long he realized that in our agitated world he had to be an independent power. And, of course, he has done well, though I must say I have not liked the soothing syrup about the Middle East he has been ladling out in the last six months. When Mr. Lie called the Egyptian invasion of Palestine a "brazen" act, he said a mouthful, and, in addition, turned out to be quite a prophet.

HERBERT ELLISTON
Washington

CHICAGO WARD POLITICS

To the Editor: From John Madigan's article in your August 9 issue the Chicago reader can learn much of the durable Mr. Dawson's role in national politics. The national reader can be falsely reassured about his role in Chicago government.

According to Madigan, Representative Dawson's first rule is to win, and his chosen technique is favors. That favors cost money is ignored, and the charge that this money comes from rampant rackets is dismissed as campaign talk.

It is implied that former Mayor Kennelly was dumped for not being a good liberal. His dropping of political payrollers gets only honorable mention. Does Madigan know for a fact that present Mayor Daley has been "honest from the day he was born?"

Madigan points out that Dawson's wards gave Daley forty-five and forty per cent of his pluralities in the last two elections. Of course law enforcement is more the mayor's province, but one might think a request from Dawson would carry some weight. Only the briefest reference is made to the West Side bloc, which gave Daley the rest of his plurality. Few Chicagoans doubt the alliance of crime and politics in *that* area.

I like to think of Messrs. Daley and Dawson as honest liberals. John Madigan puts the honest part above question. I wish I could.

A. W. HAELIG, M.D.
Chicago

AIR TRAFFIC

To the Editor: Your August 9 article "Of Space and Time, and Death in the Air," by Lawrence H. Berlin, falls for the distortions, half-truths and downright falsehoods that are being repeated by many.

Take the discussion of the Grand Canyon accident:

"And on June 26, 1956 (four days before the Grand Canyon tragedy), President Clarence N. Sayen of the Air Line Pilots Association told the Mollohan subcommittee investigating aviation problems that 'it is just impossible to maintain clearance between aircraft' under the CAA's present traffic-control system. Given the high speeds and high altitudes at which planes operate today, said Sayen, collisions are inevitable. 'You just can't see the other plane quickly enough.'"

Your article makes the pointed inference that, because Mr. Sayen happened to say this just four days before the Grand Canyon accident, it should be obvious to everyone that there obviously can be no blame whatever attributed to anything other than the CAA's traffic-control system.

This assumption quickly breaks down under little more than a cursory study of that point. It would have been simple to check the factual reports on previous accidents of this type involving airline aircraft. You'd have found the Grand Canyon accident to be merely the latest in a long series of accidents involving airline aircraft. You'd also have found a very disturbing pattern:

¶ In just one out of some twelve mid-air collisions (not including the Grand Canyon) was the flying weather anything other than excellent.

¶ In a surprising number of all these collisions involving airline aircraft the pilots did not see the other aircraft—but quite a few passengers back in the cabins did.

¶ The only positive conclusion that has ever come from a study of these reports is that airline pilots, for whatever their reasons, simply don't look where they're going.

Had Mr. Berlin studied even the preliminary information available on the Grand Canyon accident as he was preparing his article, he would quickly have detected a flaw in the often repeated contention that our modern aircraft are now so fast, so mysteriously complex, etc., etc., that pilots can't see where they're going even if they look. Those super-modern airliners over the Grand Canyon *were going in the same direction*. According to the flight plans filed by the pilots themselves, there was a difference of only 35 to 40 m.p.h. between their speeds. Why, two cars passing each other on a two-lane highway, each going 50 m.p.h., are passing at a combined rate of 100 m.p.h.

Despite all the loose talk about the frightening possibility of two high-speed airplanes colliding head-on (such as two 500-m.p.h. ships colliding at a combined speed of 1,000 m.p.h.), it is precisely this kind of collision that has never happened—although the record is full of collisions, involving the very professional pilots who make all these diversionary statements, in which they ram other planes going in the same direction or on crossing courses. Have you forgotten the collision over Michigan City, Indiana, in which the two airliners miraculously survived a collision at 11,000 feet—in clear air? Several passengers in those two planes testified that they saw the other plane—but all four pilots testified they did not see the other plane.

Cockpit visibility *is* poor. The answer to such a clear-cut problem would be to fix the deficient cockpits. If a bus company put a "blind" bus into service would you fix the bus—or change the entire highway system and the rules that apply to the general use of the highways? If a ship operating on the seas was seriously deficient in some such respect, would you fix the ship's deficiency, or would you let the ship's owners shout you into changing the entire structure of maritime law?

With just a little thought and analysis, you can quickly see that the collision between the two airliners over the Grand Canyon, and the collision between the *Andrea Doria* and *Stockholm* are almost identical. In both accidents someone clearly violated well-known rules and regulations. Yet notice the startling difference between the general approach to the airline accident and the approach to the collision of the two ships. There never was any question whatever but that one of those two ship captains is responsible for a clear violation of the traffic rules, and the investigations are aimed in that direction and no other. In the airline crash—because publications like yours continue to fall for the most easily accessible set of claims—we constantly found ourselves involved in a bizarre discussion of the traffic control system itself.

Your article confuses carelessness with some arbitrarily announced deficiency in a system that generally is never involved in such accidents.

MAX KARANT
Vice President
Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association
Washington

To the Editor: It is most appropriate that *The Reporter* raises the air-traffic control problem. For it is a problem now and will be so even more in future. It is part of the general question whether the human mind will keep pace with the technical development of flying, in more than one sense.

H. VAN DAM
K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines
Head Amsterdam-New York Division
The Hague

SUPERFICIAL?

To the Editor: As one of the "devoted Melville buffs" Robert Bingham mentions, let me say that I find his review of the recent movie "Moby Dick" (*The Reporter*, August 9) unsettling. It displays a limitless ignorance of American literature.

It is by now a cliché of desultory readers that Melville's book is filled with digressions, most of which are boring and unrelated to the "plot." The pity is that such readers are throwing away a major portion of Melville's meaning; Ahab's quest for the white whale cannot be understood without an understanding of what it means. The more pity because these same readers deny themselves the enjoyment which comes from experiencing the beauties of Melville's imagination and his exquisite use of the English language. Had Melville written with an eye to pleasing men like Mr. Bingham, *Moby Dick* today would be ranked side by side with *The Call of the Wild*, a book I heartily recommend to your reviewer. It has plenty of action.

The motion picture "Moby Dick" is excellent entertainment. But the Bradbury-Huston script is not "an improvement on the original book."

WILLIAM GOLDHURST
St. Petersburg, Florida

(Mr. Bingham, who was careful to say "*in some ways* an improvement," asserts that he was not praising the Bradbury-Huston script as a kiddies' abridgment but as the distillation of a great book's dramatic essence into another medium.)

To the Editor: Out of the hundred-odd reviews of "Moby Dick" that have so far appeared, Robert Bingham's is the only one that spoke knowingly of the screenplay and the problems met head-on in trying to adapt Melville to a new form. So few people have sympathized with what was one helluva long, fascinating, agonizing job at the typewriter. Because of Mr. Bingham's review, I am even prouder and happier concerning the film.

RAY BRADBURY
Los Angeles

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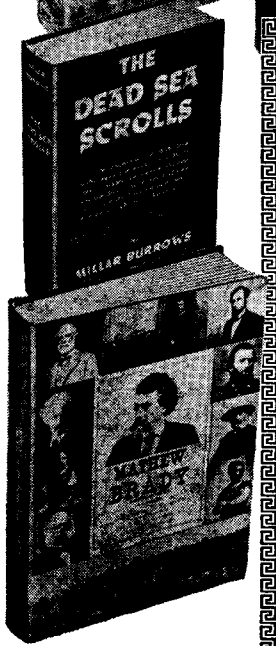

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These Moderate Elections

THANK GOD, it's over. For four more years, we shall be spared the eloquence of keynote speakers, the yelp of delegates, the roll call from Alabama down, the concluding celebration of unbreakable party unity. The most charitable and restrained thing that can be said about both conventions is that they both have been dismal shows. The Democratic one had some moments of dramatic suspense and produced an astonishingly bad platform. The Republican one will remain memorable for all those whose nerves have been grated by the thunderous applause that unfailingly followed the fetishistic declamation of a name.

Yet it always happens: These two alleged images of the national majority, no matter how grossly drawn or perhaps because drawn so grossly, never fail to reveal what they try to hide. As soon as comparative quiet is re-established, it becomes easy to see what a political party is after and what ails it. The fact that so many millions of citizens are now in attendance may allow a more widespread awareness of what is really the matter with each party. No, we do not agree with those who at the end of these conventions have said what has been said at the end of every convention we can remember—that the system is obsolete. We simply say that it is unmercifully hard on our eardrums and on our digestive tract. But it works.

AT CHICAGO, the Democrats have shown themselves as a party with not much of a program, some remarkable leaders, and a genuine eagerness to outgrow the New-Fair Deal tradition. It is a party in search of a mission, wise enough to recognize that it has no future, missionary or otherwise, unless it maintains a reasonable measure of unity. Unfortunately, in their concern with unity the Democratic leaders have let their platform be filled with such unmanageable nonsenses as Taiwanism or restriction of international trade. At the same time, these leaders are united by something considerably more valid than "youth" and glandular vitality: They know they must maintain the achievements, foreign and domestic, of the Roosevelt and Truman era, and go beyond them. How, they do not quite know. They are earnestly searching, and they are aware that neither ideological dogmatism nor unrestrained pragmatism will do.

The Republicans, on the contrary, to judge from what they said in San Francisco, are not searching or groping: They have everything. From the previous Administrations they have taken over and cleansed the social reforms and the network of alliances; they have made everybody happy, employers and employees, unionized and non-unionized labor, militant lowbrows and eggheads. Among their leaders are to be found, all eagerly pitching in, Asia Firsters, Fortress America advocates, and internationalists at large. Indeed, they have the gift of tongues and there is no ideological language they cannot master: Nixon, with a straight face, delivers speeches that seem to have been taken from Hubert Humphrey's briefcase, Dirksen talks civil-libertarianese, and only Herbert Hoover is left to talk like Herbert Hoover. Theirs is the glory of the future and of the past, both converging on this meridian point of history, the present—Ike's and Dick's present. Their philosophy seems to be a sort of innocent Hegelianism couched in the style of Norman Vincent Peale.

At San Francisco the heartening unanimity among men devoted to the hatred of each other, the miraculous convergence of past and future into an eternal present, announced the dogma of the eternal Ike. For one thing is certain: The unity and the very existence of the Republican Party are still entirely dependent on Eisenhower. Yet what happened to Eisenhower's health is not a classified secret. Neither is the fact that he has made extraordinarily sparing use of his Presidential powers. Should he be re-elected, he would lose his party's leadership at the very moment of his inauguration, for not he but Richard Nixon would be the prospective candidate for 1960. With that prospect goes power.

Seldom in American history have the program and pronouncements of the two parties been more similar; seldom has the real difference between them been greater. The similarity is accentuated by the fact that

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there is scarcely any feature of the Democratic record or program that the Republican Party has not cannibalized. On their part the Democrats have shown an inclination to "me-too" some of the most obnoxious Republican policies, like the one about Red China or the predominant role of strategic air power.

The actual difference between the two parties is the one between politics and mythology. Chicago was an assembly of politicians, San Francisco of mythmakers. There was no politics transacted there, aside from the aborted nomination of Joe Smith—a most unseemly thing since one Joe Smith after another was brought in to second Eisenhower's nomination.

MODERATION, it is said, is the climate of American politics in our day. To a very large extent this is true, but even on this point the difference between the two parties is most striking. Republican moderation, the propensity to go not too far to the right, not too obviously into Fortress America, all this comes from the wish not to put too great a strain on General Eisenhower's emotional thermostat. What will happen afterward, when the Knowlands and the Bridgeses have their way, is not likely to be overmoderate.

For men like Adlai Stevenson moderation comes from the knowledge, partly intuitive partly rational, that the most radical reforms, the most radical measures of institution-building are needed, both in our country and in the rest of the world—yet there is no trace of radicalism in these men, neither are there radical philosophies available. In fact, all good democrats, with or without a capital "D," are weary of ideologies, have no inclination to look for predictable, prefabricated answers to the questions that harass them. These questions have to do with the coming into being of new spheres of government between those of the nation and of the states, so that the enormous concentrations of power now lying in private hands may become accountable to the citizens they are supposed to serve. There are too many unchecked organizations around that take care of the citizens' needs as producers, as employees, as recipients of information or beneficiaries of entertainment, and all these organizations together make too heavy a demand on the citizens' privacy. Many skills are demanded of our leaders if democratic freedoms are to be reestablished, but the least demanded now is the one of legislation. In other words, lawmaking is at the end of the reforming process, not at the beginning.

In the same way, good democrats today cannot consider nationalism—ours or Nasser's—as a supreme unchallengeable value or as an end in itself. Neither is there a magic virtue in internationalism or supranationalism. Here again, the job is one of founding intermediate authorities, with power proportionate to the scope of the interests into which they are supposed to bring order, so that sound foundations may be given to freedom. Here again, diplomatic ingenuity, skill in the firm apprehension of reality, are needed much more than legislative draftsmanship. Now more than ever, when the very survival of the world is at stake we cannot reach international security by drafting statutes or constitutions. Every sane democrat in our day and country is a middle-of-the-roader. A good middle-of-the-roader, however, is one who sets limits to the opposite extremes, and is not at the mercy of their combined pressure.

THERE ARE quite a number of good middle-of-the-roaders among Democrats. The advantage of the Democratic Party is that it has at its head good men—moderate men, sensible enough to shun the temptation to become the object of mythmaking and hero worship. The relationship between these leaders and their followers is increasingly becoming a direct one, with much of the power of the old-fashioned in-betweeners bypassed. At the same time, the number of special interests making demands on them has greatly increased. They must give some satisfaction to these interests, keep them at bay, play one against the other or call their bluffs. These men must be tough and shrewd and kind. If they are skillful, the conflicting multiplicity of the interests surrounding them can greatly increase the range of their independence.

Of these Democratic leaders, the outstanding one is Adlai Stevenson. He has the double virtue of political skill and of a demanding, ungarrulous idealism. Yet his greatest virtue as far as his party and the nation are concerned is that he is not the only one of this type. He is far from being alone; his campaign and his tenure of office will bring forth more and more people like him. This is what makes these elections unique: On one side there are men, on the other a ruthlessly manipulated myth.

Adlai Stevenson is a politician with a sense of style. This sense of style shows itself in the language he uses, in the honest dignity of his behavior. He has been called many names he does not deserve, no matter whether used as a compliment or an insult. The record of his printed pages proves that he is not an intellectual, not a man whose home is in the realm of ideas. He is not, with due respect to Sam Rayburn, the lineal descendant of the greatest pure-blooded intellectual in American politics, Woodrow Wilson. Wilson indefatigably toiled to imprint upon the history of his time his ever-broadening, ever-deepening idea of the destiny of America and the power of the Presidency. He never doubted his predestination. A giant among men, he wrecked his life in a passionate attempt to legislate the enduring order of a peaceful and democratic world.

Stevenson is a far more modest man, as his reluctance to seek the Presidency last time proved. This time, he has managed to come down a few steps from the heights on which his worshipers had tried to enshrine him and he has risen in public esteem. Were there no other evidence, this would be enough to prove that he is the man we need.

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Notes on the Conventions

Chicago: the Best-Laid Plans . . .

It was, someone remarked, a convention of fairly exciting intrigues but few first-class strategies. The only truly brilliant bit of political maneuver had occurred two weeks earlier, when Kefauver withdrew in Stevenson's favor.

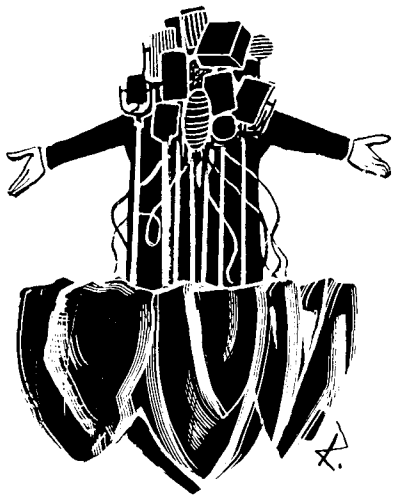
Truman's inclination to try to stop Stevenson had long been evident, but his decision was a sudden one. Indeed, there is reliable testimony that even Bess Truman had no idea what he was going to do before he did it. During the two days between his first and second press conferences, when he was supposedly canvassing the situation, some of his old advisers—as distinct from his cronies—fearfully suspected his intention but were kept completely in the dark. Truman called them in half an hour before he made the announcement for Harriman.

By the time Truman granted me a private interview, on the morning of the day that Stevenson was nominated, the former President was subdued if not exactly chastened. He admitted he was licked, but he showed no bitterness despite the plethora of stories by columnists and reporters that his career, fame, and everything else had gone down the drain. Unlike Harriman, he left Chicago in good spirits, ready to help where needed.

The Harriman strategy was hardly a strategy at all, but a desperate effort to cling to the coattails of the sinking ex-President. Its greatest achievement was due not to Harriman himself but to Judge Sam Rosenman and others, who flew delegates into town and paraded them one by one through Truman's Blackstone suite to confide that Stevenson was a sure loser in their respective states.

Lyndon Johnson's strategy, the most overrated of all in newspaper accounts, revealed the inadequacy of even the most brilliant Senate strategist before the more unruly forces of a convention. If he did have objectives beyond the unified and "moderate" party that he had long championed, he and his associates are not admitting it.

The Stevenson forces held to the successful strategy of avoiding any deals with anyone. With commendable promptness they realized that the deadliest weapon to use against Truman was compassion. All in all,



the no-deal strategy did leave Stevenson with no more entangling alliances after his ardent pursuit of the Presidential nomination than he had four years ago when he didn't pursue it at all.

The No. 2 Spot

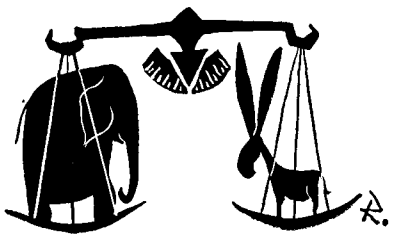
The indications are that Stevenson, who had long been considering the idea of throwing open the Vice-Presidential nomination, was finally won over by the fact that none of the leading contenders for second place was unacceptable to him. At the same time, to make a choice among them would have stirred up considerable bitterness and evoked rumors of a deal.

When it was all over, Stevenson's advisers exultantly pointed to the obvious successes of this strategy: one of the most exciting and unmanaged floor fights in convention history, the resulting selection of a strong vote getter for second place on the ticket, and a strong propaganda blow against the G.O.P.'s preordained choice of Mr. Nixon.

But there were also those who asked whether this hadn't been too clever a public-relations stunt for ridiculing Nixon—whether indeed it did not partake of the very Madison Avenue approach to politics the Democrats so loudly condemn. Wasn't it also a mark of Mr. Stevenson's inclination to pass on to the lower party chieftains the embarrassing choice that he himself should have made? If he had desired a truly "open" convention, then why not give longer notice?

THERE was one further drawback, it was pointed out, neatly illustrated on the morning after Kefauver's victory by a banner headline in the Chicago *American*. "1st Estes Demand: Free Suez" was the caption given to an exclusive interview the new nominee granted William Randolph Hearst, Jr., in which Kefauver aired his views on foreign policy quite freely. This was a flat violation of the old tradition that the Vice-Presidential nominee should be seen and not heard until he can take his cues on high policy from the Presidential nominee. It may prove difficult to restrain a candidate who was himself chosen by the free will of the convention. Such a power schism, tending to detract from the supreme responsibility of the Presidency, could endure to plague the holder of that high office.

—DOUGLAS CATER



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The Compromise On Civil Rights—I

At Chicago emerged a nominee remarkably independent of professional politicians—and a civil-rights plank that was independent of everyone *but* the professionals. At the same time, outside amateur groups that for twenty years had occupied a favored and strategic spot at these affairs were isolated and without influence on the one issue that mattered most to them. A few trade unions, Americans for Democratic Action, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People opened for business in the Congress Hotel under the trade name of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, but they might just as well have set up shop in Biloxi.

They had no one on the Platform Committee to press their views; they had no floor champions like the Hubert Humphrey of 1948 or the G. Mennen Williams of 1952. For all their efforts to pump conviction into the civil-rights plank, they were finally obliged, some gloomily and some with patently forced satisfaction, to settle for a verbal morass on the subject and take solace in the nominee himself. "If you have to compromise on either the candidate or the platform," I was told by one top leader, "it is better to have a good candidate running on a poor platform than a poor candidate on a good platform."

Southerners who bristled at Stevenson's call for endorsement of the Supreme Court's desegregation opinion nevertheless took much the same sort of refuge in the man himself. Inevitably, Harriman followers asked, "What kind of person is this who can command the support of Walter Reuther and Governor Marvin Griffin of Georgia?" Plainly the possibilities are few: He could be the opportunist the Harriman people sought to make him appear, he could be a statesman in the Lincoln tradition, or, not incompatible with either of these, he could be just the most dazzling performer since Blondin walked a tightrope over the Niagara gorge.

Recognizing the Supreme Court

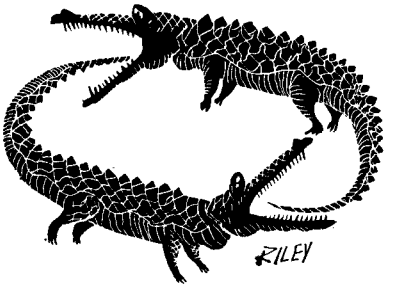
A preliminary draft of the civil-rights plank was drawn up at the request of the National Committee weeks before the convention met. That version, somewhat different from but not stronger than the final product, was presented to Mrs. Roosevelt by National Chairman Paul M. Butler, Senator John O. Pastore of Rhode Island, and Representative William L. Dawson, the powerful Negro leader of Chicago, as the ultimate in what the South would take. Persuaded of this, Mrs. Roosevelt endorsed it and it was sent on to Stevenson. He turned it down and substituted a wording of his own in which the Court decision was specifically endorsed. This draft died in Butler's office, and when the carefully picked Platform Committee went to work in Chicago, under the firm hand of House Majority Leader John W. McCormack of Massachusetts (a Harriman supporter), it was

the earlier version that served as the model.

At ten o'clock Wednesday morning the subcommittee released its draft, in which was set forth the less than soul-stirring news that the Democratic Party "recognizes the Supreme Court of the United States as one of the three constitutional and co-ordinate branches of the Federal Government, whose decisions are part of the law of the land."

But if the Court itself won honorable mention, even if only in the course of a little lesson in elementary civics, its decisions were left hanging in mid-air as only *part* of the law. "Interpositionists" in the party were left free to maintain, as before, that where a Court decision was inconvenient or distasteful a man might shop around and find a conflicting state law to honor in its place. There was nothing about endorsing the high tribunal's decisions on segregation, merely a chatty observation that they had "brought consequences of vast importance." As for carrying them out, we know only that Democrats officially "reject all proposals for the use of force to interfere with the orderly determination of these matters by the courts." Force by defiers of the law or by government itself? No one seems to know. And isn't force inherent in the execution of law? Nice questions, perhaps, but not seemly for a political platform.

At any rate Harry Truman, who had become Grand Marshal of the



Harriman campaign, looked upon the subcommittee's work and found it good. So, it is most reliably reported, did Judge Samuel Rosenman, a lesser saint of the Roosevelt era and one of Governor Harriman's master strategists. Governor Raymond Gary of Oklahoma, who had managed Harriman's pre-convention campaign in a number of states and placed him in nomination, left no doubt that this was the ultimate he could accept.

Pulling Punches?

Immediately following the release of this painfully composed draft, the full committee went into executive session, quickly adopted the plank, and thereafter was cut off from the outside world for the remainder of the day. Considering the difficulties of making contact with the committee members, not to mention the complexion of the committee itself, it is something of a wonder that pressures from the outside produced a minority report at all.

The report that finally emerged

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would have restored to the platform the wording of the 1952 plank, favoring legislation to guarantee fair employment practices, personal security, and full voting rights, instead of merely pledging the party to "continue its efforts to eliminate discriminations" along these lines. More important, it would have pledged the party to "carry out" the Court's anti-segregation decisions, though again without force. How this was to be done was not specified.

This is what the liberal contingent —Governor Williams, Senators Lehman and Douglas, and a few others— spoke out for on the convention floor, but there was little of the excitement that marked the discussion of this subject at the two preceding conventions. As Edwin A. Lahey of the Chicago *Daily News* put it, if the debate "had been held under the jurisdiction of a boxing commission, everybody in the joint would have been suspended for life."

Up to this time in the proceedings, Harriman had come as far as saying only that he approved the action of the New York delegation in rejecting the majority report. But Truman, obtaining the floor as a special privilege, defended the majority version as "the best civil-rights plank we ever had." He should know, he added, admitting that he had "done more to implement civil rights than any other President of the United States."

There was still a chance that a roll-call vote might force delegations from states with large Negro populations into pushing the minority plank through. The chairman of the Michigan delegation had requested recognition to make this demand and had been promised it by the chair. But when the time came, the gentleman from Michigan seemed to have changed his mind. Mr. Rayburn refused to recognize New York for the same purpose, and none of the other delegations seemed moved to make an issue of it. What had dampened their ardor, apparently, was the intensive work done by Stevenson's manager, James A. Finnegan, who along with former National Chairman Stephen Mitchell had been moving up and down the aisles persuading delegation chairmen to drop the idea of a roll call.

'Smug as a Bug'

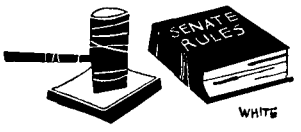
Once the platform was adopted, a feeling of relief set in, from the Conrad Hilton to the Stockyards. But some grumbled. "There was no real help from either the Stevenson or Harriman camps," said Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., A.D. A chairman and a kingpin in the Leadership Conference. "Civil rights were really a football here." This was mild compared with the reaction of several Negro delegates I sounded out on the subject. "The liberals gave us the runaround," said one, "while the Southerners sat out there at the convention smug as a bug." Another thought that Negro voters from the Detroit area would be particularly disturbed by the Michigan delegation's performance in the roll-call episode. He thought it might be laid, unfairly enough, to Walter Reuther, whose union members made up a large percentage of the delegation. The bitterest comment I got was: "We lost Eleanor, then Truman, and now Reuther."

Nevertheless, among these people as among countless others, hope remained that Stevenson the man would do what could never be done by cagey words in a platform— convey in this fall's campaign a sense of urgency about finding real solutions to a real problem, rather than reliance on the workings of time.

—Robert Bendiner

The Compromise On Civil Rights—II

In the platform of their rivals the Republicans had a chance to set themselves up as the stout champions of minorities at low cost and with every prospect of gathering a lush harvest of votes in the traditionally Democratic cities of the North. However, it didn't turn out that way.



Arriving early on the scene to take command of the Platform Committee, Senator Prescott Bush of Connecticut told waiting reporters that he would personally stump for a "firm stand on civil rights," one that would "back the Supreme Court's decision unequivocally."

Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois, as chairman of the subcommittee on civil rights and perhaps a little new to the business of libertarianism, was naïvely joyful as he held up a copy of the Democrats' vapid plank on the subject. "That," he announced in mock dialect, "is the nicest nothin' I ever seed"; in his more normal prose he had already served notice that "there will be no such serpentine weaseling on our part. The Supreme Court has interpreted the Constitution, and that's the law of the land." As the Chicago *Tribune* explained to its readers, in its favorite Senator's view "It was foolish as well as immoral to risk the loss of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and California on the off-chance of picking up a few border states by means of an evasive declaration." Particularly immoral in the case of Illinois, where the Senator desperately needs to strengthen his position among the Negro population of Chicago to offset the possible loss of downstate farm votes in his campaign for re-election.

From New York came that state's Attorney General Jacob Javits with word that an "outspoken plank" could fill the "aching void" left by the Democrats and calling for a White House conference on civil rights. Roy Wilkins, Executive Secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., who had been so grievously disappointed in Chicago, called the Democratic plank "fantastic" and hinted guardedly that if the Republicans adopted a strong statement, many Negro voters might shift from the Democratic camp and join the Republican Party.

Asked if a strong plank might not shrivel the party's tender roots in the Southland, former Governor Thomas E. Dewey stood fast for virtue: "I don't think you can play poli-

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tics with the simple issue of human rights."

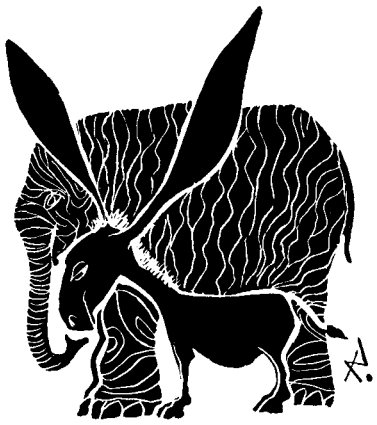
That South Wind

Just where the issue lost its simplicity is not easily determined, but as hearings progressed before the subcommittee it soon became evident that complications had set in. The hearings at first were perfunctory. Audiences were so small that a microphone was considered unnecessary. Wilkins was treated with great cordiality, and an effort was even made to have him snapped by news photographers standing beside Dirksen under a "Vote Republican" banner. But when he objected to the pose, the Illinois Senator blandly admonished the cameramen not to "do anything to embarrass Mr. Wilkins."

As in Chicago, the N.A.A.C.P., through Wilkins, presented the case for Federal action to enforce the Court's rulings, for protection of the right to vote, a Federal F.E.P.C., elimination of filibustering in the Senate, and an end to the selection of Congressional committee chairmen on the basis of seniority.

But by the Friday preceding the opening of the convention, a group of Southern Republicans had put in an appearance and were discharging a volley of reasons for reducing all this liberty, equality, and fraternity to manageable proportions.

Dirksen, however, remained impervious. Nothing had changed his determination to press for a strong plank that would call for implementation—"A sixty-four-dollar word for enforcement but a good one to use." Then suddenly the opposition line hardened. The men from the South raised the question of helping Republican Congressional candidates in states where they were conceded to have a chance: Texas, Virginia, North Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida. Moreover, there was an outside possibility of capturing the Texas Senate seat being abandoned by Price Daniel and at least an even chance of electing a brace of Republican Senators in Kentucky. Some argued, privately, that with Kefauver on the Democratic ticket a new situation had developed in which a moderate civil-rights plank might very well lure some Southern



states into the Republican column after all.

Clearing It with Sherman

Senator Bush had already gone into private session with Sherman Adams and emerged convinced that the White House not only favored moderation but was determined to have it. Thereupon Dirksen, too, called on Adams and on Attorney General Herbert Brownell as well, and so did John Minor Wisdom, a delegate from Louisiana. Thus the matter was threshed out on the highest party level, and immediately thereafter the breath of compromise was in the air. A new draft was drawn up, if not dictated, by White House aides, and during its discussion members of the Platform Committee were forbidden even to carry copies out of their guarded room in the Sheraton-Palace Hotel.

There is no question that the dilution that followed, described by Senator Bush as a "strongly moderate" plank, had Eisenhower's blessing and genuinely reflected his views. He has on several occasions in the past made the well-known point that while he was for upholding the Court's ruling, one had to remember that the social practices of the South went back a great many years, that they couldn't be changed overnight, and so forth. In spite of pressures, he has made no move to call a White House conference to discuss ways and means of advancing desegregation. Neither has he instructed Federal education officials to summon school superintendents for such a purpose. And, finally, he has made no secret of his determination to avoid inflaming the South for the sake of either humanitarian principles or Northern votes.

The Unexpected Rabbit

What was left of the plank after this intervention from on high was still in most respects a slightly stronger one than its Democratic counterpart but far weaker than the statement of faith with which Dirksen & Co. had prepared to plunge into the battle for votes—too weak in any event, probably, to make an important difference in the campaign. Unlike the Democratic Party, which merely notes in passing the important consequences of the Court's decisions, the Republican Party "accepts" them, though it expresses no approval. It does "concur" in the Court's conclusion that segregation must be eliminated from public schools "with all deliberate speed," but it half cancels out this sentiment by using the phrase "progressively eliminated." As Mr. Wilkins maintains, "This leaves the door wide open for gradualism." The plank "supports" the President's civil-rights program and, almost certainly on the insistence of top Presidential advisers, it recognizes "the complex and acutely emotional problems" created by the decisions "in certain sections of our country."

Immediately on its adoption by the full committee, many Republicans in San Francisco declared acceptable what they had formerly found unthinkable, though most of them made sure that the folks back home heard of their doubts and reservations.

At the same time, the Southerners seemed pleased, as well they might,

AT SAN FRANCISCO

They cheered a ghost because he wasn't dead;
They cheered a leader who had seldom led;
They cheered a young man who would get ahead;
And then they ate their daily (enriched) bread.

—SEC

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having pulled a rabbit they didn't expect out of a hat that wasn't theirs.

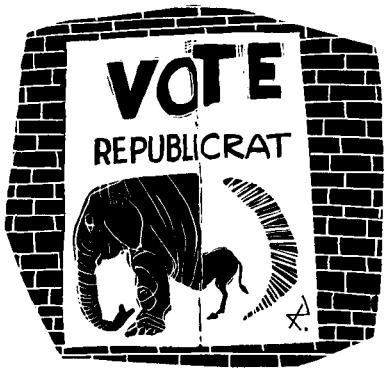
And what of the Negro participants in this centennial get-together of the Great Emancipator's party? For the most part, they are professional Republicans, and it will take more than passing disappointment to drive them elsewhere. But their reservations, their hesitant acceptance, in some cases their apologetic air—none of this promises a rip tide of Negro voters for the Republicans, such as there might well have been if the President had chosen to make a real appeal for them.

'Very Let Down'

When I saw Mr. Wilkins after the battle he appeared to have lost any belief that great masses of colored voters would be drawn from their old, worked-over pastures in the Democratic fold to the Republicans' Promised Land—at least not by virtue of the party platform. The Negro delegates he had talked with here, he said, were "tremendously disappointed." In spite of the "slight edge" in the plank's language as compared with that of the Democrats, they felt "very let down." The Republicans had muffed their best chance. "I think thousands of Negroes all over the country were ready to jump to them. The road was wide open for the Republicans and they missed it."

A Negro delegate from Indiana told me flatly: "I don't like the compromise. We fought it. There's plenty of room for improvement in that plank." Will it help capture the Negro vote in the cities? "I'm afraid not," he said, and then added: "But we rely on Ike, not the platform"—just as other believers in civil rights rely personally on Adlai Stevenson.

—Robert Bendiner



San Francisco: The Golden Vacuum

Chief booking agent for the Republican convention was L. Richard Guylay, a veteran New York P.R. man who came to the 1952 convention in the Taft camp. He had able assistance from former M-G-M star George Murphy and from Leroy Prinz, self-described "second director behind De Mille" for the forthcoming supercolossal film "The Ten Commandments."

Prinz, who in a remarkably frank interview admitted that "politicians are a problem," made no bones about the priority given to entertainment directed at the national audience. The delegates themselves were hardly more than unpaid extras for the lavish mob scenes.

The astonishing thing was that these managers had no qualms about injecting themselves into the act. Prinz, one had the impression, was eager, now that he was out from behind De Mille, to make certain that he got proper credit lines for his Pom-Pom Girls, his hosts of shirt-sleeved cheer leaders, his baby elephants and the rest.

Murphy, sporting dark glasses, stood conspicuously at the right of the speakers' platform making the professional gestures for fanfare, stretchout, and fade. Delegates took their cues right along with the orchestra.

In much of this there was only difference in degree from the preceding week's Democratic convention, where the P.R. man's golden kazoo was also more in evidence than ever before. The major difference was that for the Democrats it provided background confusion for some genuinely important convention business. For the Republicans it *was* the business, building up over the four days to the climax of Dwight D. Eisenhower's appearance. When Eisenhower finally did appear, bringing promise of peace for all time and then, as Mr. Prinz had predicted he would, asking Irving Berlin to lead everybody in "God Bless America,"

the cocky little M-G-M director must have been delirious.

'Are You Sorry?'

What promised to be the real business on the agenda was Eisenhower's prolonged cat-and-mouse game with Mr. Nixon's future. The morning after the President's arrival, when he appeared at a hastily arranged press conference to announce Mr. Stassen's graceless retirement from the field, he still persisted in the obfuscations that have perplexed the reporters. He admitted that at one time he had thought of a whole group of possible running mates besides Nixon: "... and I told you once the only reason I didn't name them ... is that finally someone might bring up a name and I would say 'No, I wouldn't want to run with that person.'" He failed to explain why the suggestion of an unacceptable name would have made his choice impossible. Would he vote for Nixon if he were a delegate from Pennsylvania, a reporter wanted to know. The President asked to be excused from answering "iffy" questions. "... Not that I consider him unfit for the office but there are many people that could be brought up and there would be many questions that I would have to have in mind ... I think Dick Nixon knows what I think of him—I think you know what I think of Dick Nixon."

Stassen played his pathetic role as if in dead earnest, moving among the gay delegates like an uneasy wraith, now and then popping into phone booths for mysterious conversations with conspirators who never materi-

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alized. His discomfort was never apparent, even at the bedroom press conference when he explained that he had not only leapt aboard the Nixon bandwagon but was now whipping on the horses. He had a handy gimmick for avoiding the embarrassing questions. He was looking "forward." Any attempt by the reporters to probe the events, the motives, or even the timing of his switchabout would be looking backward. "Are you sorry?" one persistent reporter asked. Mr. Stassen just looked at him with his big bovine eyes. Over in the corner of the bedroom was a huge stack of copies of the poll he had prepared showing that Nixon would cost the G.O.P. more than 4.5 million votes in November. Further discussion of that, too, had become "not constructive."

The President has of late been expressing a strong conviction that a second term will at last indoctrinate his brand of Republicanism into the party's mentality. Yet he displayed at times a curious defensiveness about this. At his impromptu press conference, I asked him about former President Hoover's sly assertion in the previous afternoon's speech that there were members of both political parties "out of their proper spiritual homes." Did he know any such Republicans? "Well," said the President, "I don't think I had better comment on that 'shooting from the hip.' I guess some people have said *I* am, but I believe certain things very earnestly, and it seems to me that the mass of the Republican Party has come along and believes in general the same thing." He didn't believe Hoover had been talking about him, did he? "I don't think he was. No."

Eisenhower in his acceptance speech was clearly sketching out his heart's desire of a renovated Republican Party. The job of hinting ever so delicately that the G.O.P. of the recent past was a far cry from this dream had been left to John Emmet Hughes, the *Life* writer who has returned to the President's speechwriting stable for the campaign.

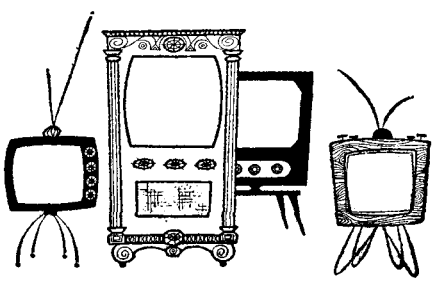
But all was sweetness and light with the party in San Francisco. A slight feeling of uneasiness did occasionally lurk in the background. It could be noted in the guarded speculations about what would happen if Eisenhower should become "disabled" between convention and election or election and inauguration. A good many of the delegates were passing around the *Wall Street Journal's* feature story the next to last day of the convention on what a Nixon Administration would be like. (Nixon would run the show himself, concluded the *Journal*; there would be no Sherman Adams.)

But all these gnawing anxieties were sublimated in the idolatry of Eisenhower at what one Democratic observer called the "*Sacred* Cow Palace."

—Douglass Cater

The Hobgoblins Change Addresses

A careful study of the speeches delivered at the Democratic convention reveals an important change in political symbolism. Madison Avenue has replaced Wall Street as the unhallowed source of Republican conspiracies against the great American etc. So far as we were able to determine, Wall Street was not mentioned even by Governor Frank G. Clement of Tennessee, the keynote speaker whose heroic efforts to exclude none of the relevant clichés has surely placed philologists of the future deeply in his debt. Perhaps the best illustration of the semantic displacement was provided by the venerable Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House and permanent chairman of the convention, not a man to go for a mere fad: Citing "the plain fact . . . that the Republican Party today is taking out of the pocket of the farmers in this country an average of nearly $800 per family," Mr. Rayburn proceeded to hit his audience right where it lived with the scornful suggestion "Now that may not mean much to somebody on Madison Avenue . . ." Adlai Stevenson appeared to sanctify the new usage, moderately and only by indirection to be sure, with his unflattering reference to "shows and slogans and the arts of advertising."



The Republicans, of course, did not specifically endorse Madison Avenue or admit, as Mr. Stevenson suggested, that they are going to "merchandise candidates like breakfast cereal" and "gather votes like box tops." But Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., the Republicans' permanent chairman, did go so far in acknowledging the spirit of the times as to say, "We are the salesmen of the future." He also mentioned "The product we must carry to each doorstep in the land . . ."

In *The American Language: Supplement I*, the late H. L. Mencken described the phenomenon with which we are dealing as follows: "The business of congressmen, like that of all other politicians, consists largely of the discovery, pursuit and laying of hobgoblins; this, indeed, is the chief phenomenon of the democratic process. Since the earliest days the two Houses have devoted immense amounts of time and wind to pursuing such wicked men and things as *Bourbons, slavocrats, embargoroons, gold-bugs, plutocrats, nullifiers, war-hawks, embalmed, beef, imperialism, isolationists, nigger-lovers, muckrakers, rotten rich, pacifists,* the *trusts,* the *Interests, Wall Street* . . ." Of all the terms in the well-thumbed thesaurus of American political pejoratives, "Wall Street" was one of the longest-lived. It naturally came into increasing popularity after the crash of 1929, but Mencken reminds us that it "had been under fire since the Civil War era."

Madison Avenue's career as a residence of demons seems destined to be much briefer. As William Harlan Hale indicates in an article beginning on page 16, the footprints of prominent Democrats have already been detected in certain areas on that thoroughfare.

—Robert Bingham

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The Politicians Try Victory Through Air Power

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

One school of military strategists holds that the surest way to victory today is by all-out assault from the air. Another clings to the belief that while you do need air power, there is still no substitute for the foot-slogging man on the ground who advances and holds the territory.

In the Presidential campaign about to begin, the apostles of victory through air power are the strategists of the Republican Party, wedded to electronic missiles as their primary weapons. Opening with a nationwide half-hour program on the evening of September 19 (replacing the regularly scheduled CBS show "I've Got a Secret"), they plan to unleash upon America the heaviest and most sustained bombardment in the history of TV. The arsenal will range from twenty- and sixty-second cut-ins and five-minute spots through quarter- and half-hour shows up to a climactic hour-long barrage on the eve of Election Day. "Saturation," "pinpointing," and "selective targets" are among the terms you hear at Republican operational headquarters.

The Democrats, on the other hand, with far less enthusiasm for campaigning by remote-control TV and far less money to pay for it anyway, are still thinking primarily in the traditional terms of barnstorming and speechmaking at rallies and whistle stops.

'A Spectacular Weapon'

In the spring, Republican National Committee Chairman Leonard W. Hall is reported to have declared that he thought it was silly for a candidate to half kill himself crisscrossing the country to speak every day to thirteen or fourteen audiences of a few hundred people, when he could reach millions of voters from an air-conditioned studio, via television. Against this centralized, sedentary approach, which President Eisenhower generally intends to follow, stands Adlai Stevenson's remark after his nomination that for his part he would like to campaign personally "in every town and village in America." The mobility and brisk informality of their candidate are factors that Democratic tacticians such as Clayton Fritchey, the Governor's newly appointed publicity chief, and George Ball of his preconvention staff intend to demonstrate. It's as if they hoped to endow him with the gregarious warmth of an updated Harry S. Truman on tour. "Television alone can't do the job," says Jack Christie, chief of their National Committee's TV branch; "there's no substitute for the candidate's going around meeting people face to face and discussing the regional issues. And many of the main issues of this campaign *are* regional."

Still, there is TV, with its nearly forty million set owners, and the Republicans' early lead in fastening onto it as their wonder weapon has left the Democrats in a quandary as to how to use it and how much. Use it competitively they must, even though one single half hour of premium evening network time may run as high as $60,000—a depressing figure to the Democratic National Committee, which entered the campaign year with barely $100,000 in the bank. Meanwhile the Republicans, already flush and having raised an additional $5 million at nationwide (televised) $100-a-plate Eisenhower dinners this spring, were busy signing up at least $2.2 million of top evening TV time for themselves in the coming months.

"Television has changed the course of campaigns," proclaimed Republican Chairman Hall, recalling his party's successes with it in 1952. And the Democrats, uneasy at the same recollection, had already told candidates in their National Committee's *Campaign Guide to Political Publicity* that TV was "a spectacular weapon" and possibly "your most important campaign tool."

The Democrats are now out raising money in haste to be able to use it almost to the same extent as the Republicans, and they have made reservations with all three major networks for sponsored "equal time." They are like a ground army that wishes it could do without a costly air arm except for close tactical support, but fears it may have to revise its doctrine nevertheless. Whether the Democrats do take up all their TV reservations depends both on the course of the conflict and the state of their pocketbooks. If they do, matching the G.O.P. spot for spot, half hour for half hour, we may witness a campaign fought as a round of rival spectaculars on TV screens.

If TV has in fact become our most important campaign tool, the question then is how political men will use it—or how it may use them.

Through the Labyrinth

The unique power of the TV camera, says the New York advertising man Walter Craig, a gray-haired former vaudeville actor whose agency of Norman, Craig & Kummel has been retained by the Democratic National Committee, is that it not only highlights personality but shows up insincerities. You can't fake before it: "It's like a microscope focusing on a bug." It's a wonderful device for displaying good candidates frequently and intimately to the maximum number of people, Mr. Craig has assured

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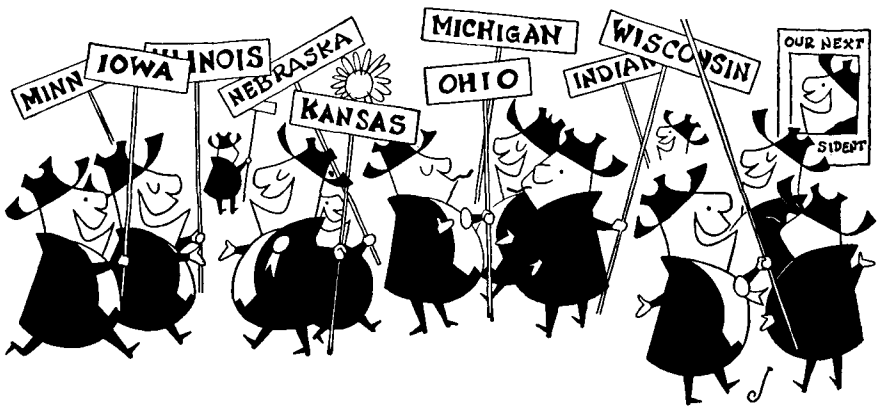
committeemen, and he adds (with a delicate hint in another direction) that on TV "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." But, as the Committee's own publicity director, newspaperman Sam C. Brightman, has pointed out, TV can also produce its own brand of hokum; there is a danger that TV marketing techniques may increasingly take over the conduct of campaigns.

Whatever the potentialities for good or ill of TV political campaigning, the two main facts about the medium are that it is inescapable and that it requires the aid of a new kind of expert—the highly experienced specialist lent by the industry itself. Much depends then on what kind and caliber of expert you get. After the 1952 election the Radio Corporation of America, deep in the electronics business, proclaimed to the nation's citizens, "Television has brought their government back to the people." It has certainly brought it closer to the electronics business, until today the TV producer, director, time buyer, script writer, casting supervisor, and animator, have all become necessary adjuncts of the party high command. As Walter Craig puts it, "To most politicians and their traditional public-relations men, TV is something new and completely strange. They don't know its mechanics, or how to evaluate and use it. They need experts to lead them through its labyrinth." Mr. Craig, formerly vice-president in charge of radio and TV at Benton & Bowles, is one of the ranking experts in the field. His expertise was seen most recently at the Chicago convention, where as the party's showman in charge of staging the setting for TV and providing singers and entertainers, he came forth with two juvenile prize winners of "The $64,000 Question" and "The Big Surprise" and presented them in a quiz of his own devising emcee'd by Governor Frank G. Clement of Tennessee, the keynoter, in the role of a Hal March.

In this, Craig was doing and even outdoing what the experts over on the Republican side had said all along one must do on the medium of TV. Lengthy speeches and discussions just wouldn't do, declared Chairman Hall last spring. "Each thing must be a production. People don't like looking at one guy's face all the time. You've got to have action." Accordingly the Republicans are retaining not one but two New York advertising agencies, each many times the size and weight of Norman, Craig & Kummel, to provide them with a full range of TV production, action, talent, and market research: They are Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn for the National Committee itself, and Young & Rubicam for the National Citizens for Eisenhower Committee. (In addition two smaller agencies have been hired to take care of the party's outdoor displays and farm-area publicity.)



THINGS HAVE changed a lot since 1952. Television was then still relatively new as a political instrument, and up into mid-campaign Republican managers no less than Democratic were uncertain about how to use it. Not half as many TV sets were in use then as now, for one thing, and eleven states of the Union were still largely out of the range of TV signals. General Eisenhower made only three network TV appearances in his first seven weeks of campaigning, each time seeming ill at ease. Adlai Stevenson came before the cameras more often, but frequently with set speeches that so ignored the time demands of the medium that he was cut off before reaching his peroration. The new political dawn of TV took place only when candidate Richard M. Nixon, after careful rehearsing, delivered his smooth fireside chat about his household finances, his wife's clothes, and his dog, which entered a record nine million homes. After that came the pace-setting one-minute "Eisenhower Answers America" spots, in which the General was shown on film giving pithy answers to questions hurled at him by his own copywriters and spoken by actors impersonating housewives, etc., on another band of film, with which the General's words were then "intermixed." "Mr. Eisenhower, what about the high cost of living?" ran one of these, and no one who heard it is likely to forget his classic, inscrutable answer: "My wife, Mamie, worries about the same thing. I tell her it's our job to change that on November 4th." It was corn, but it won votes. The Democrats were left standing at the electronic gates, without a comparable idea and without the $1.5 million or so it would have cost them at the last minute to match the Republicans' saturation quiz. "We outsmarted them," recalls this year's G.O.P. campaign manager, Robert Humphreys.

'Just Technicians'

This year, the sky is the limit—on the Republican side. In addition to the $2.2 million that Chairman Hall said in June he had already allocated to buying up air time for his Committee, the Citizens for Eisenhower have a war chest for their own TV programs, and affable Y. & R. chairman Sigurd Larmon, a long-time golfing companion of the President, has been busy rounding up money and copy-writing volunteers for the cause this time as he did in 1952. Furthermore, another G.O.P. affiliate, the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, has *its* own script-writing, studio, and production setup in Washington's Congressional Hotel, geared to provide "canned" TV and radio propaganda

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to four-hundred-odd local candidates and committees. The present Hatch Act limitation of $3 million in campaign outlays for any single party committee can readily be by-

passed when a party can set up as many committees as it wishes. All told, the well-informed advertising trade organ *Printer's Ink* estimates that total party outlays for TV alone in the forthcoming climactic weeks may run as high as $12 million. All that the Democrats say they themselves have budgeted for TV and radio together is about $3 million.

"Action, events, personalities, drama, spectacle, intimacy—these are the stuff of which television dreams are made." So writes Republican ex-Governor Robert F. Bradford of Massachusetts in discussing TV's political potentialities in the *Harvard Business Review*. ("And a mighty good article," a prominent G.O.P. publicist remarked. "We're all profiting by it.") As to just what kind of drama and spectacle is to go into these Republican programs, those in charge of them still remain secretive. Carroll Newton, a B.B.D.O. vice-president —a lithe, crew-cut, well-groomed Army veteran of forty-five, relaxed in bearing but clipped in speech—is the account executive of the Committee's TV campaign, but he doesn't yet know what may go into the programs, he says. His people are just "technicians," buying up time and doing other such chores.

Over at the National Citizens for Eisenhower, they say they don't know much either. Isn't it true that they have already stockpiled considerable material for the big aerial push and that, as *Printer's Ink* reports, at Y.&R. more than twenty "volunteers" are working on the account? "We're just feeling our way. Everything's still nebulous." And at the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee there is the same reluctance to talk. Its deputy for publicity was asked whether the Committee hasn't already prepared a whole file of "canned" TV films for the use of local candidates, who would simply come before the camera for an introductory thirty seconds to identify themselves with the message. "Yes . . . some," was the reluctant answer. "About how many?" "Well, about thirty . . . and then there's a list of short spots in addition." "Could I see the list?" "I'm sorry, it wouldn't be to our interest or that of the candidates to let you."

"Do you have available for campaign use a fifteen-minute TV film called 'These Peaceful and Prosperous Years'?"

"We do," was the answer.

ACCORDING to a prospectus sent to Republican Members of Congress, "These Peaceful and Prosperous Years" tells the story of "an average American family going about their daily living under a Republican era of peace. . . . The family is seen at home with the housewife enjoying her modern work-saving conveniences; the father enjoying the recreational opportunities afforded by his earning capacity, and the two children, teenagers, doing the things children of this age bracket enjoy doing. . . . There is a pleasant music score on the sound track to set the mood. . . . The story closes with a voice saying, 'Give Ike a Republican Congress,' followed by Ike and Mamie singing a duet, 'God Bless America.'" (The duet is an old recording made of the President and his lady joining in song at a "Salute to Eisenhower" dinner.)

Another item ready for G.O.P. candidates' use, if they are out for the farmers' vote, is a TV film featuring the four daughters of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson singing a campaign song. There is also a number called "The Democrat [*sic*] Record." (It's the official G.O.P. party line now to deprive the Democratic Party of its right to its own proper name.) Another is "The Mystery of the Missing Depression," which one G.O.P. production man describes as "tremendously effective cartoon treatment." And Mr. Hall's National Committee itself has also shot a twenty-seven-minute TV feature called "Report to the People," in which every member of the Cabinet briefly describes what his department has done in these four years for the nation. "It was quite a job to get it all in," says Harry Baudouin, the National Committee's TV chief.

The Republicans at this moment are planning to spend most of their money on some fifteen nation-wide half-hour evening programs and about thirty-five five-minute spots run in at the end of top entertainment shows. The latter, devised by National Committee publicity men and B.B.D.O. executives when they met with network chiefs as early as June, 1955, is perhaps the most formidable political selling device ever to make its appearance on TV. Its scheme is simply this. Through the networks the sponsors of TV's most popular

shows at peak listening times are prevailed upon to shut off their programs just five minutes before the usual end of their half hour to yield the balance of their time to the political pitch. As a result the politicians have a captive audience of

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millions who had tuned in to the Arthur Godfrey or Jackie Gleason shows, and who will stay on rather than dial away since there is nothing else to catch before the half hour except the closing minutes of some other show. Some Madison Avenue men call these spots "hitchhikes"—that is, a political free ride on someone else's time. The ride isn't quite free, of course; one such spot may cost $10,000. The political advertisers get it by holding over the sponsors the threat of "pre-empting" or taking away their entire show one evening under the Federal Communications Commission's provisions requiring stations to give priority to paid "public-interest" broadcasts, particularly during campaigns. Sponsors naturally prefer yielding a little of their time to losing a whole show. And political parties in turn stand to save money by buying only a strategic spot hewed out of "Dragnet," say, instead of the entire half hour at a cost of some $60,000 for the air time, plus another $20,000 or so in indemnity to the show's producers and actors, to say nothing of the danger of annoying the millions who had tuned in hoping to see "Dragnet." Everything is being worked out peaceably with the various sponsors, who are being assured that they won't be asked to yield more than one five-minute spot apiece to either party—provided either party asks for it and has the money to pay for it. "It couldn't be more amicable," one network executive remarked. "Here you have the Ed Sullivan program making space for the Democrats." Which leaves only the question of how Adlai Stevenson is going to look on the edge of the Ed Sullivan telecast.

The Troubled Democrats

To the Republicans, as the party of business, the techniques of mass selling come naturally, and very often party movers and shakers are the chiefs of great corporations and the advertising agencies through which they sell. "Politics these days is like a business," says rotund Chairman Hall, calling for a streamlined, market-researched campaign. "You sell your candidates and your programs the way a business sells its products."

But to Mr. Hall's opposite numbers among the Democrats this phi-

losophy is not wholly palatable. To the Democrats, hucksterism itself is an issue, and Madison Avenue often a term of abuse. The organs of mass communication, TV included, are themselves suspect to many Democrats—as witness Chairman Butler's trembling outburst from the convention rostrum when CBS failed to carry a Democratic film. Clayton Fritchey, the party's vice-chairman in charge of public affairs and editor of the *Democratic Digest* before he also became the candidate's publicity chief, looks on the Republicans' love affair with TV as primarily the result of the effort of the advertising profession to exert national influence. "Ex-President Truman is worth more in politics than all Madison Avenue rolled together," said ex-Senator William Benton, himself a veteran of that street—obviously before the Chicago convention. And Governor Stevenson in his acceptance speech made a special point of attacking the Eisenhower Administration as believing "that the minds of Americans can be manipulated by shows and slogans and the arts of advertising. . . . Now this idea that you can merchandise candidates like breakfast cereal—that you can gather votes like box-tops—is I think the ultimate indignity to the Democratic process."

In Washington, in the two-floor campaign headquarters of the Republican National Committee in the Cafritz Building, sits the party's ranking propagandist of 1956, Mr. L. Richard Guylay, himself in private life another New York public-relations expert. Mr. Guylay, a stocky, heavy-set man in his mid-forties, first got into politics six years ago as a campaign worker for the late Senator Robert A. Taft at the time the Senator was campaigning for re-election in Ohio. Two years later he emerged into the national arena when he was retained by the party's National Committee as a Taft advocate helping to manage the pre-convention "Stop-Eisenhower" drive. In spite of his past efforts against Eisenhower, Mr. Guylay is now in command of the Committee's press, radio, and TV efforts to bring about Eisenhower's re-election. As for the role of B.B.D.O. in all this, he reaffirms with a guarded air that they are merely "technicians" and that the real push is to come from his own office, which will provide "ninety-five per cent of the effort." Mr. Newton and his "technicians" at B.B.D.O. are rather numerous, however. All in all, there will be more than forty people assigned to the account, including B.B.D.O.'s station-relations chief, Frank Silvernail; the head of its TV film production department, Bernard Haber; and the chief of live productions, Alexander Cantwell.

Over on the Democratic side, the new-style politico-electronic specialists are fewer in number and slightly less reticent.

Their National Committee, with a small propaganda staff headed by

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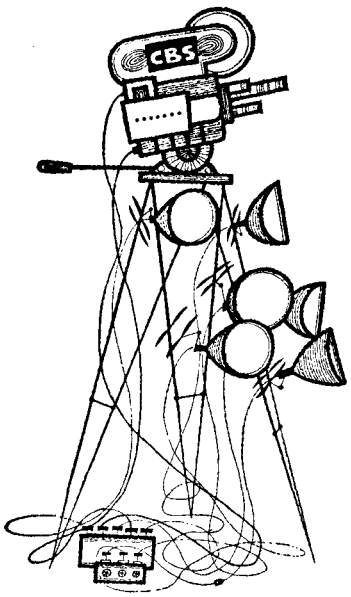


Publicity Director Sam Brightman, doesn't claim that it has the resources for a TV saturation attack under its own roof, and answers that the job of actual presentation is going to have to be done by the copy writers and production men at Norman, Craig & Kummel. Nothing could illuminate more vividly the contrast between Republican and Democratic managements in the forthcoming TV campaign than that between the gargantuan B.B.D.O., which occupies six floors on Madison Avenue and offices in fourteen other cities, and the hopeful young firm of Mr. Norman and ex-trouper Mr. Craig, which has one small headquarters and took a beating earlier this year when it lost the "$64,000 Question" Revlon account—to rival B.B.D.O.

"If the Democrats want to play in the same league with the Republicans this time, TV-wise, then why pick a second-string agency?" asked a downtown executive. The answer is that up until the start of this year, it looked as if the Democrats couldn't find any advertising agency at all to give them the help needed for mounting a 1956-style TV campaign. Their National Committee sounded out half a dozen top New York firms, only to receive unanimous turndowns. As one agency executive put it: "You see how it is. If a big agency took on the Democrats' account and the Democrats won, it would simply enrage Republican clients and drive them away. On the other hand, if it took them on and the Democrats lost, it wouldn't look too good for its selling ability."

By midwinter, the continued reluctance of America's leading advertising agencies to accept the Democrats' account had reached the point where Madison Avenue itself became embarrassed by it. Top agency men feared that this turndown of a party that was in need of professional assistance in the TV field might look like a gang-up and thereby damage the industry's national public relations. Wouldn't *someone* please take on the Democrats? A committee including leaders like President Norman Strouse of the J. Walter Thompson Company met to propose that the industry itself help the party of Jefferson to locate an agency willing to help them. Officials of the American Association of Advertising Agencies called around to try to find a taker. Failing that, the proposal was made that the industry set up for the Democrats a special "task force" for the duration of the campaign, made up of advertising men borrowed from several agencies and known to be personally sympathetic to that party. After the campaign, these exiles would return to their own agencies without prejudice or loss of standing.

Democratic Party Chairman Butler listened to these overtures but responded that he did not care to see his party made an object of Madison Avenue's charity. Instead, he went on from door to door. Finally Norman, Craig & Kummel—who actually *were* Democrats—came to him. Once agreement was reached, that small agency sent out a call in June for Democratic-minded copy writers in other firms to come in and lend a hand. The industry has responded by releasing half a dozen upper-bracket mavericks for the duration.

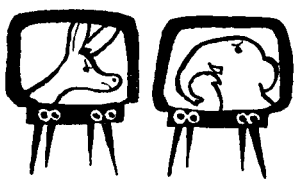
Today, with a score of commercial directors backed by camera and production crews coming on the job, Mr. Craig's agency is ready to steer the Stevenson campaign into big-time TV. Beginning with an opening half-hour network speech by Mr. Stevenson on September 13, a crescendo of one-minute, five-minute, and full-scale network periods has been contracted for to match the G.O.P. or even outdo it. Thus the Democrats are planning a drumfire of no less than ninety brief "spots," half by day and half by night—that is, if the money holds out.

No Tricks

"No gimmicks, no stunts, no trick shows" appear to be Mr. Craig's instructions. In fact, he says he doesn't like stunts himself. The issues are serious: "The people working here are crusaders, not just copy writers for a client." There will be cartoons and possibly jingles, but they won't be like the Republicans'. There will be one spot that shows an animated ballot about to fall into a box. "I am your ballot," says its voice; "Don't treat me lightly." Then it will proceed to enumerate the issues in a matter of seconds and end with an appeal to vote for Stevenson. Some of Mr. Craig's copy writers are reported to be working on brief takes lighting into the Republicans on such subjects as Giveaways, Slips of the Tongue, Kennel Dogs, and The Right to Suffer.

BUT THE WORD seems to have gone out from Libertyville: "No tricks." And, let's hope, no more child prodigies.

Instead, the Norman, Craig & Kummel cameras have already gone out to Libertyville to make five-minute TV films of the Governor on his farm there. The Republicans aren't saying whether their own crews will go out to Gettysburg to make five-minute films of President Eisenhower and *his* livestock. Before he hits the trail in mid-September, Mr. Stevenson is also going to record a series of fast-moving one-minute spots for use across the country. The President may do the same, as he did in 1952 with resounding success. It is just possible that all this TV production in which Democrats seek to emulate Republicans yet remain different will lead not only to saturation but to oversaturation in which the rival messages cancel each other out. In the end, the old-fashioned campaign train may again come into its own.



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TV: Too Much Of a Good Thing?

MARYA MANNES

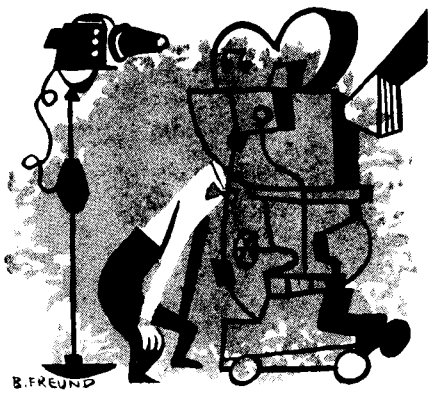
If PEOPLE didn't stick with their sets during the conventions, it's because they weren't worth looking at all the time. The networks knew this as well as their viewers did, but they couldn't do anything about it: They had to give full coverage, no matter what went on or didn't go on.

The networks were committed to the campaign managers to cover the conventions. They were committed to their sponsors, who made the coverage possible. They were committed to show their viewers no less, and if possible more, than their rivals did. And they were committed, above all, to the reigning creed that to see everything is to know everything, and that selection is censorship.

Weighted with these commitments, the networks had also to contend with several formidable obstacles. One was the nature of their subject, a political performance that alternates long periods of tedium with brief moments of intense excitement; that generates more activity than news; and whose core—the motivation in the minds of men—still cannot be penetrated by electrons.

Another obstacle was the immense complexity of the electronic equipment needed for this kind of coverage, which made the news you did get possible but which could also get in the way of news. That the networks surmounted these obstacles as well as they did is due largely to the sustained intelligence and frequent brilliance of their anchor men and commentators, who managed somehow to keep their heads and their good humor during frenzy and tedium. Theirs was a grueling job not because there was so much to report but because there was often so little to report. They had to fill the air with speculation and "background" while the innumerable cameras in hall or hotel were used to occupy the insatiable screen with jumbled crowd shots that could not convey the real quality of a convention hall—that surge of excitement which might seem to be merely herd passion but which can attain a quality of exaltation. No tube can carry it, and without it one amphitheater shot is like all amphitheater shots.

It is to the eternal credit of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley on NBC, Eric Sevareid, Edward R. Murrow, and Walter Cronkite on CBS, John Daly on ABC, working with such superior "field" reporters as Charles Collingwood and Richard Hottelet (CBS), and Martin Agronsky and Ed Morgan (ABC), that continuity was maintained through chaos and sense through confusion. They were magnificent. So also was that invisible army of technicians who made their reporting possible. No viewer can have any conception of their role in throwing an "electronic blanket" over Chicago and San Francisco. Of the 400-man staff sent by NBC and the 385 of CBS, nearly sixty per cent were technical experts. NBC had 10,000 pounds of electronic equipment at the conventions; CBS had a hundred television cameras in as many sites.



Cables and Zoomars

Chicago and San Francisco were latticed with cables and connections. One could not cross a lobby in a hotel or the sill of the rooms where the important lived and worked without stepping over them. In the convention halls, equipment was as evident as people: Cables writhed in the aisles and looped overhead, and the televison cameras with their great jutting zoomar lenses swiveled from every side. In the working quarters of the networks, the control rooms were like the bridges of atom-powered ships, and the panels of monitors, dials, and switches the expression of a kind of genius beside which the intelligence of the men operating them seemed subsidiary rather than superior.

But the real electronic news at these conventions was the mobility afforded by the new creepie-peepies and walkie-talkies. With these in hand, unencumbered by cables, the television reporters could move among the delegates and notables and talk with them while the visual pickup was handled either by powerful telephoto lenses hundreds of feet away or by small gunlike cameras held by men whose battery backloads and weird antennae made them look alarmingly like displaced frogmen.

Yet here again, while such reporters – especially Agronsky – provided some of the most absorbing moments in both sessions, much of their work was part of the waste of time, technique, and material that a complete coverage entails, because only a small fraction of what they did reached the public's TV screens. What the viewer saw was the final product of a series of split-second decisions made in the heart of the operation, the seat of judgment—the control room. Flanked by rows of men in headphones and facing a row of monitors on which the pictures taken from all positions appear, one man—the controller—must choose that one image and that one situation which must be shown on that one network at that one specific moment. Like the director of an orchestra, he gives the cues, by voice and by button.

"Four!"

"Go to Michigan and find Jackson!" [a reporter interviewing the Michigan delegation].

"Let's go to the Hilton . . . "

"Get Ed and Rayburn!"

"We better stick with this. I don't

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know anything important enough to cut in on this speech."

"Cut in" and "cut away"—this is the key to coverage. What do people want to see? The speaker or the commentator's face as the speech is made? The convention floor or a close-up of a pretty girl waving? A conference with a Southern governor in his hotel suite or a huddle of delegates in a caucus? Do they want to see what is going on even if it is boring, or do they want an entertaining diversion?

The rumpus kicked up at the Democratic convention by the failure of CBS to show a certain campaign film is a prime case in point. While the other networks carried it in full, the CBS controller decided it would interest people more to look at interviews and listen to punditing. Right or wrong, it is the kind of judgment that will haunt the networks in every coverage of actuality, a matter of editing with which any newspaper is familiar but which is immeasurably more difficult in a medium dealing with immediacy and reaching millions of people. The ultimate network nightmare is an event as empty of news as the Republican convention, when the control room had to make a choice between moments of equal insignificance.

Contrasts in Coverage

One of the most interesting aspects of the entire convention coverage, in fact, was to see how this judgment differed—usually in minor ways—in the three major networks. While it was clearly impossible to monitor all three over any length of time, it seemed to this viewer at the Democratic convention that ABC hewed most directly and simply to the matter at hand (possibly having less personnel and equipment to provide distractions); that NBC was inclined to show off its dazzling electronic wealth; and that CBS had an occasional tendency to digress from the main line in search of unnecessary and frivolous punditing. It appeared to me also that CBS did not use its strongest stars, Sevareid and Murrow, to the best of their capacity. There was something artificial and pedantic in having them talk to each other side by side; and although what they say is seldom without substance, I believe they would each have been happier and more effective going out and getting the news on their own rather than sitting discussing it. It looked as if CBS was coasting on its established reputation, saying, "See! We've got *two* of them!" In contrast, NBC's rising team of Huntley and Brinkley seemed better paired and more naturally employed.

Conversely, there was a degree of frustration among the "active" reporters on all three networks at the difficulty in getting their spot news through. "It's partly the boys in the control room," said one. "They only judge on visual terms and choose a pretty picture instead of the real news, or it's the ego of a commentator who doesn't want himself interrupted." Another cursed electronics: "I've been on my feet eight hours with all this goddam gear hung around me and I'm done."

In a way, these television reporters are like modern Laocoöns, struggling to make their voices heard through and above the constricting coils of their electronic gear. "My God!" said a distinguished radio commentator. "I can't stand working in television. You get so fouled up in wires you can't think straight. Radio is so simple. What people get on television isn't news—it's a spectacle of immediacy, although I admit this has value and entertainment."

"The trouble with television commentators," said a writer, "is that they are glamour figures, and wherever they go people recognize them and they *become* news instead of searching for news. Look at those guys over there," he said, pointing to a group of newspaper correspondents. "Four of the greatest reporters in this country, but does anyone know 'em in a crowd? All they've got is their minds and a typewriter. When I want to learn something, give me the printed word."

Sentiments like these, shared as they may be by many, will certainly not stop the continuing miracle of electronic transmission of such national spectacles, which at its best provides something no print and no voice alone can: the living image.

In its superb coverage of the 1952 conventions, which, to be sure, were far more dramatic than the current ones, television may have shot its bolt: i.e., shown itself at its best. In spite of technical advances, its achievement was a matter of doing more, not better. And it held its audience less.

Electronic Invasion

But the network leaders might sit back for a while before they do another "blanket coverage" and consider several things. One is whether events such as these conventions warrant complete and continuous reporting, and whether this is required to fully inform the people; whether contraction, selection, and editing would constitute a form of censorship or, on the contrary, make theirs a more adult medium; whether the whole trend of coverage should not be toward simplification, not only of the line pursued but in the avoidance of gimmicks and the reduction of equipment. Certainly the development of lighter, smaller, and therefore more mobile gear is a step in this direction.

They might also consider another aspect. The conventions provided innumerable instances of the discomforts and constraints inflicted on this country's leaders by the insatiable demands of coverage. It is one thing to expose them to the questioning of informed newsmen and journalists. It is quite another to subject them repeatedly to the required television glare, to a battery of four cameras where one should suffice, to the constant thrust of microphones in their faces, to the snarled maze of cables at their feet, to the recording by lens and tape of every move they make from bedroom to elevator, to lobby, to street, to car, to the unending electronic invasion of their lives. This coverage, which goes under the name of "freedom of the press" and "keeping the public informed," could become, if not restrained, a hazard to the clear thinking and wise performance of the men responsible for the conduct of our government, a time killer and a strength waster that far exceeds its prime purpose of presenting news.

If this doesn't worry the network heads, then the faces of their anchor men at the end of the conventions might.

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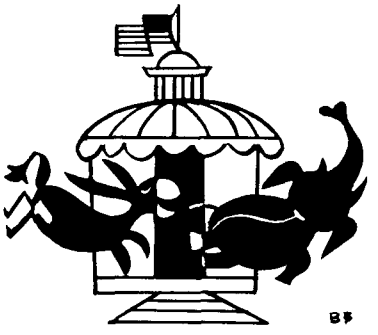
When Politics Had 'Taam'

PAUL JACOBS

WHEN A MAN making a speech says "Léon Blum became the Premier of France because of the Workmen's Circle," he's talking with *taam*. *Taam* (pronounced to rhyme with mom) is Hebrew-Yiddish, and like most such words it means many different things all mixed up and kneaded together. It's a special kind of tang, composed of a quality of strength and guttiness, combined with some mettle, spiced with a strain of humor and a sense of *élan*. It's what, for example, is missing from political life today—what you didn't hear in the dull, cliché-burdened speeches delivered with patently phony enthusiasm at the national conventions and what you won't hear during the forthcoming sweatless and arid TV-oriented campaign. Today, in politics, there's not much *taam* anywhere.

BUT IT wasn't always like this. Once upon a time there were political meetings held where the speeches did have *taam*. It was at such a meeting that the previously unknown causal relationship was established between Léon Blum's rise to power in France and the Workmen's Circle, a Jewish fraternal and benevolent organization in America. The meeting was held some years ago in Los Angeles to honor Blum, who had died shortly before. It was sponsored by a group from the now fast-disappearing constellation of European-Yiddish-socialist-anarchist needle-trades labor organizations. These groups had brought with them from the old countries a tradition that fortunately didn't get assimilated and swallowed up right away, at least while its keepers were still alive.

Among the sponsors were the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, generally known to its members as the Lomgomated; the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, familiarly shortened to simply the International; the Jewish Socialist Verband, a local AFL council; a CIO group; a few other organizations; and, of course, the Workmen's Circle, also known as the Arbeiter Ring depending on whether you belonged to an English- or Yiddish-speaking branch. The chairman of the meeting was a high ILGWU official, who died a few years later but is undoubtedly now carrying on, in his rich Russian-Yiddish



accent, a spirited argument in that part of Olympus set aside for warm and kindly anarchists and socialists.

Blum and the Tolians

The meeting was held in the Embassy Auditorium, a cavernous hall in downtown Los Angeles whose front is always decorated with posters advertising quasi-religious services, uplift lecture series, and occasional political rallies of the fringe parties. For this occasion, as the audience came into the hall and was given red lapel ribbons by the ushers, they heard the strains, from an organ, of what was obviously meant to be "La Marseillaise." Obviously, however, the lady organist, who was probably a member of the Labor Zionists, had never before played the French anthem, so that what came out of the organ sounded a great deal more like "Hatikvah," the Hebrew national song, with which, clearly, she was much more familiar.

In a little while, all the speakers of the evening filed onto the platform and seated themselves on folding chairs in a long line. In their center was the featured guest of the meeting, the French consul-general at Los Angeles, whose name was extremely long, hyphenated, and capable of pronunciation only by other Frenchmen. He appeared somewhat bewildered and seemed to be musing to himself as his eyes wandered over the talkative audience.

"Who are these people honoring Léon Blum?" he probably speculated. They certainly were not French, but they also did not seem to be exactly the same kind of Americans he usually met in the conduct of his consular affairs. A babel of tongues—Yiddish, Russian, Polish, German, Hungarian, garment-center English, and English-Yiddish—arose from the auditorium. Bound together by languages, political beliefs, and customs, the people were happily and noisily circulating around among their comrades, friends, and acquaintances.

The first speaker of the evening was a union official. He was an Irishman and, like the Frenchman, something of a stranger. Totally unaware of the nature of the occasion, he was there only because his organization had endorsed the meeting. Like the consul, he was not at all sure of just what was going on in the hall.

Somewhat thickly and rocking slightly on his heels, he started to read a speech which he had obviously not seen before the meeting. Peering at the typewritten sheet, he declaimed, "Léon Blum fought against the tolians." But this, indisputably, did not sound quite right. He began again.

"Léon Blum fought against the totalians," it came out the second time. But again this somehow didn't seem right, either. He made a fresh start.

"Léon Blum fought against the tot . . . the total. . . ." and finally, triumphantly, "against the Communists!"

After this opening speech, speakers from all the sponsoring groups except the Workmen's Circle were presented and paid their tribute to Blum. Overlooking the secretary of the Jewish fraternal group, the

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chairman began his introduction of the featured speaker, the consul-general.

As the chairman announced the consul's name to the audience, a wince crossed the Frenchman's face. The garment-union official's Gallic accent and pronunciation were more closely associated with the conversation heard over tea-in-a-glass served at the French Roumanian Restaurant on Delancey Street on the Lower East Side of New York than with an *apéritif* on the *terrasse* of the Chateau Madrid in the Bois de Boulogne.

Somewhat dazedly, the Frenchman got to his feet, walked to the rostrum, and began to speak about Blum. He really had little cause to complain about the chairman's French since his English was hardly any more understandable. Finally he ended his speech, was politely applauded, and the meeting was adjourned—or so the audience thought as they started to file out of the hall.

Suddenly a voice boomed out from the microphone on the platform. "Léon Blum became the Premier of France because of the Workmen's Circle!" shouted the secretary. "Because he lived up to the principles of the Workmen's Circle, Blum became the head of France," he continued, pausing briefly to insert a verbal comma and discuss, in an oral subordinate clause, the death-benefit program of his group.

Sensing that the tiny audience was beginning to get a little restless, the secretary rushed into his peroration, one on which he had obviously lavished much thought and care.

"Life is like a garden," he said. And then speaking more and more rapidly, "In this garden there are many terrible, terrible weeds. But there are also many beautiful flowers in the garden, and in each generation the beautiful flowers reproduce themselves from generation to generation by means of their wonderful blooms. And in life's garden," he burst forth triumphantly, "the most wonderful bloom of all was Léon Blum!"

STEVENSON, Eisenhower, all the rest —they're just talkers. Now the secretary of the Workmen's Circle, he made a speech. With *taam,* he made it.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Army's Case Against Fortress America

ANTHONY LEVIERO

No high-ranking leader in the Eisenhower Administration is saying that we ought to loosen our collective-security agreements and retreat to the ramparts of Fortress America. But we seem to be heading there anyway—toward a rather Taftian pattern of stay-at-home defense, with main reliance on nuclear air power and naval forces. Abroad, we would have air bases and small suicide Army units to hearten our Allies.

Certainly military and foreign policy are dovetailing nowadays as never before, and a legitimate question is whether our one-weapon strategy is dictating the shape of our foreign policy.

In discussing in a very general way the military policy now being shaped, Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, recently told the Senate Subcommittee on the Air Force: ". . . A very small force can have a very effective deterrent power, and I think we have to explain that to our allies." The feeling in Washington, however, is that the explaining should begin at home. The Administration might usefully explain to the American people the Admiral's proposal to cut our total armed forces about 800,000 by 1960, leaving them at two million.

Until a short time ago, cutbacks in our military manpower created little or no stir outside the Army. The tendency was to dispute the military soundness and morality of the Big Weapon deterrence concept without relating it to the manpower reductions. But in May a group of Army colonels released staff studies denouncing the seemingly unchecked drift toward a one-weapon doctrine. They made it clear that the more you eliminate men equipped with comparatively humane TNT, the greater becomes the dependence on large-caliber nuclear weapons.

EVEN THIS MOVE did not precipitate the Congressional investigation that the Army colonels had hoped for. As long as national policy ostensibly rested on the collective-security system with its greatly ramified mutual-assistance alliances with forty-two other countries, nobody seemed to worry about the trend of our strategy—nobody outside the Army and a few social scientists. Some of our Allies were worried over the likelihood of being left in the middle in a nuclear war between the United States and Russia. But as long as the United States maintained its forces abroad essentially unchanged, the policy did not arouse profound misgivings.

Our five divisions in West Germany, liberally supported by atomic cannon and atomic missiles, are symbolic both of our might and of our determination to resist any Russian adventures in western Europe. Even the presence in Europe of the families of our troops has a reassuring effect on our Allies. Our forces in the Far East, while smaller, likewise are viewed as evidence of our inten-

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tion to look after our vital interests there.

But Congress, tired and anxious to begin electioneering, showed little or no interest in what the Army spokesmen had to say. Democrats as well as Republicans on Capitol Hill were inclined to go along with Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson's position that in matters of military policy the President was the country's greatest expert. Even the Democratic platform calls for armed forces "clearly superior in modern weapons," but says nothing about balanced forces capable of fighting types of war other than total.

Combat Groups

Admiral Radford is said to have in mind the substitution of several combat groups of 3,000 to 5,000 men for our divisions in Germany. The Southern European Task Force, stationed in northern Italy under Brigadier General John H. Michaelis, is suggested as the probable prototype of these units. Should this be the case, according to American sources, our commitment to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization might be reduced from around 250,000 men to about 50,000.

The Michaelis force of about 6,000 men stresses speed, mobility, and the firepower of the Honest John bombardment missile, which can slam out old-fashioned explosive or incinerate the enemy with an atomic warhead. Reports from Italy indicate, however, that the chief role of this unit is to fight with atomic missiles—and no fooling. A primary mission of its mechanized infantry is to protect the cumbersome missile launchers from enemy capture.

Atomic explosions might be what is needed against an enemy seeking to penetrate the high Alpine passes surrounded by glaciers and lofty peaks. On the heavily populated plains of Europe, however, our friends understandably might object to atomic bombs and fallout.

We have a formidable force in West Germany—the 2nd and 3rd Armored Divisions, the 9th and 10th Infantry Divisions, and the 11th Airborne Division. These combat units are backed up by a truly impressive atomic potential. We have no fewer than thirty-six atomic cannon in Europe—six battalions of six

guns each. We also have seven Corporal missile battalions with three launchers each, which means a capability of firing twenty-one of these giant atomic-bombardment rockets simultaneously. We also have a secret number of Honest John battalions, each with four launchers.

Obviously, this force would be able to give a good account of itself. It is large enough to fight a campaign of maneuver. If it got into an area where its atomic projectiles would harm friendly noncombatants, its missile and atomic-cannon units could fire conventional explosive.

If these five divisions were reduced to ten task groups of 5,000 men each, experts think that they would become little more than hit-and-run units. They would have little staying power if they acted alone, but presumably they would be used to back up larger Allied forces. Whatever their role, it is assumed in Army quarters that Russia certainly would oppose them with much larger armies also equipped with atomic weapons.

Lieutenant General Adolf Heusinger, chief of West Germany's Supreme Military Council, on his recent visit to the Pentagon gave quite a shock to the advocates of both massive and less than massive retaliation. He specified the overwhelming number of Russian, Polish, Czech, and East German divisions just across the border. He suggested the possibility of a Communist-contrived civil war next year between East and West Germany around election time. He said that the Allies would have to react decisively if catastrophe was to be averted, but he made it very plain that Chancellor Konrad Adenauer wanted no atomic bombs exploded on German soil.

The small or tactical atomic weapons we have, President Eisenhower has said, would be used like "bullets" against military targets. It is doubtful, however, that he would authorize their use if, as in the German case, they would exact a toll from noncombatant Allies.

Gruenther at Quantico

In retrospect it now appears that General Alfred M. Gruenther must have received some intimation of the insistent trend at the Pentagon toward smaller ground forces. He came to the Quantico defense conference in June and talked to a few reporters. In his typical quiet way he applied a realistic logic to the problem of Europe. He deplored the shibboleths of statesmen who are seeking easy formulas that would provide a façade of defense, not real power.

He was especially impatient with the sloganeering applied to military problems. He mentioned beguiling ideas such as the "plate-glass" and the "trip-wire" concepts of the defense of Europe. Under these, you maintain only token forces, enough to get somebody killed—the plate glass is broken, the wire is tripped—and you retaliate massively. You wouldn't need many men because you let the enemy know that if he shatters the plate glass or trips the wire, you shoot.

These theories for dealing with the most fateful problem of the century would leave the United States with a "peripheral-war concept," General Gruenther explained. And that would mean fighting a future war "from Rapid City, South Dakota, and Limestone, Maine," and would involve another "liberation strategy" for our friends in Europe. "They've had one liberation and they don't want another," said the Supreme Commander.

GENERAL GRUENTHER, who will retire in November from badly shaken NATO, made it as plain as he could, without openly defying his close friend President Eisenhower, that he cannot approve of the troop-retrenchment trend current here and in Europe.

He stressed that the Allies had already gone a long way in economizing manpower, estimating that the forces organized on the basis of modern ideas of the tactical use of atomic weapons were about one-third the

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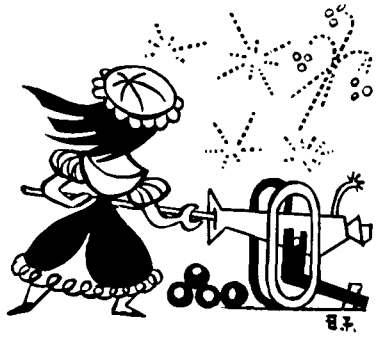
strength that would have been required in pre-atomic 1944. "In other words," he said, "the advent of atomic weapons and the reliance we're putting on atomic weapons has created this much saving."

The General urged a watchful resistance to Soviet propaganda that is advocating that the United States



withdraw from Europe or leave only token forces there. He warned against allowing a "deterioration of the cold-war concept" and viewed Whitehall's talk of reducing Britain's four divisions in Europe as "very bad."

Pre-Election Silence

No Pentagon leader of similar rank, however would dare discuss the problem so frankly. The Administration has sought to hush up the issue until after Election Day. Congress has been put off with the statement that no decisions have yet been made. All the top leaders from the President down have acknowledged the policy of "modernization" of weapons and reduction of manpower but have refused to discuss how far it would go.

In a news conference the President said the Radford proposal had not been put to him in any "serious" way and refused to discuss it further. Secretary Dulles confirmed the plan too, but put it off as a military question that was out of his purview.

Secretary Wilson told General Heusinger that only cuts in service troops, not combat troops, would be made next year. But next day the State Department spokesman said no decision had been made to reduce our forces in Europe.

Meanwhile, the Senate Subcommittee on the Air Force released testimony quoting General Nathan F. Twining as saying the country could not afford to keep both conventional forces for "the old type of warfare plus those for atomic warfare. . . .

"And our mind is made up," General Twining continued, "that we are going to develop a new strategy built around the use of atomic weapons of war, and once that is decided, we have got to give up some of these old customs. We have been slow doing that."

He did finally make a concession that "some conventional capability" would be needed for "peripheral wars and things like that."

The fact is that we are not likely to get the real picture until the President sends his budget message to Congress next January. The true configuration of future defense policy, as it is being studied for the Joint Strategic Objectives Plan, 1960 (familiarly known as the second New Look), may not appear even then. The budget message would cover only the first year's manpower reductions.

Actually the Radford proposal is nothing more than the logical evolution of the policy of the past three years and as such reflects the fundamental philosophy of the President and the National Security Council. Some sources say that Admiral Radford received a go-ahead from the President for the basic purpose of his plan, if not for the precise figures.

The big difference at this point is that the future manpower cuts will have to be sliced out of our overseas strength.

The *Helena* Conference

In *Eisenhower: The Inside Story*, Robert J. Donovan tells how the President worked Radford and Dulles ideas into his concept of strategy. The President was seeking "a strong military force without bankrupting the country. . ." This occurred on the cruiser *Helena* in the Pacific on the famous post-election trip to Korea in 1952. There, according to Mr. Donovan, Radford persuaded General Eisenhower that United States forces were overextended and that American power should be concentrated in or near North America.

"Under this arrangement the main reliance for holding the front lines," said Mr. Donovan, "would rest on the indigenous forces being built up in non-Communist countries while the mobile power of the United States remained poised to strike at strategic enemy positions in case of war."

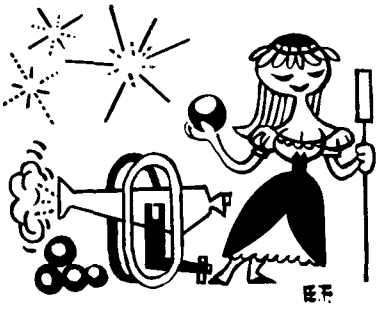
At this point Dulles "pressed the view he had been expounding for more than two years on the creation of a massive striking power calculated to deter the Communists from war."

It is a coincidence that the Radford ideas bore a resemblance to the so-called Fortress America concept expounded by the late Senator Robert A. Taft in his famous speech of January 6, 1951, in which he opposed the sending of more American troops to Europe. He argued then for a moderate-sized Army based mostly at home and mighty forces of sea and air, the only kind Admiral Radford had experience with, to attack an enemy from across the oceans and some forward bases.

Thus two basic tenets of military policy—concentration of reserves at home and massive retaliation—were being crystallized before the inauguration. At the same time the President-elect decided that Admiral Radford would be the next Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, an appointment that Secretary Wilson first cleared with Senator Taft.

What Mr. Donovan failed to point out, however, was that the strategic-fiscal concepts that jelled on the *Helena* had already been strongly advocated by General Eisenhower during his political campaign. Here are some references:

On withdrawing troops: "To get a program that will keep our boys at our side instead of on a foreign



shore. . ." (Albert Lea, Minnesota, September 16, 1952.)

On massive retaliation: "We must have security forces of mobility, security forces whose destructive and retaliatory power is so great that it causes nightmares in the Kremlin

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whenever they think of attacking us." (New York City, August 25, 1952.)

On defense economy: "But the big spending is of course the $60 billion we pay for national security [the Korean War was still on]. Here is where the largest savings can be made. And these savings must be made without reduction of defensive power. That is exactly what I am now proposing." (Baltimore, September 25, 1952.)

The Economy Factor

Defense spending was a large item in the *rapprochement* that General Eisenhower and Senator Taft worked out in their breakfast meeting two weeks before the General's Baltimore speech. In the statement Mr. Taft issued afterward, he said: "From my standpoint the essential thing is to keep our expenditures on armament and foreign aid, as long as there is no general war, at a percentage of our total income which will not destroy our free economy at home and further inflate our debt and our currency."

The economy motive has since become one of the biggest issues in national security. By strenuous efforts Mr. Wilson achieved some real and substantial economies quite apart from those made by reduction of forces. Those savings were largely wiped out, however, by increased wages and material costs. All the Administration's major savings in its budget-balancing drive were made in defense spending. General Matthew B. Ridgway has no doubt that economy was given priority over military needs. In his book, *Soldier: The Memoirs of Matthew B. Ridgway*, the General wrote:

"The fact is the 1955 budget was a 'directed verdict,' as were the Army budgets for 1956 and '57. The force levels provided in all three were not primarily based on military needs. They were not based on the freely reached conclusions of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. They were squeezed between the framework of arbitrary manpower and fiscal limits, a complete inversion of the normal process."

The new Administration formalized the military doctrine born in the midst of an election campaign in National Security Council Policy No. 168 in the fall of 1953. It is commonly referred to as the first "New Look" and covered the fiscal years mentioned by General Ridgway—1955, 1956, 1957. It was a basic expression of our intent to rely mainly on massive retaliation to deter war, and to furnish air and sea power while the Allies would be expected to supply the preponderance of manpower in any future war.

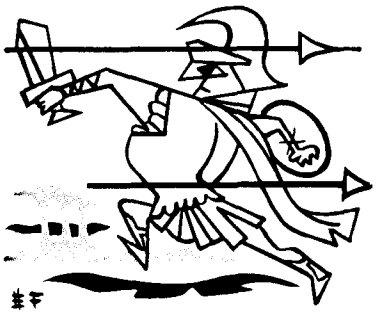
Under the National Security Act the Joint Chiefs of Staff are required to study military needs deliberately in relation to foreign commitments and the world situation. But as General Ridgway suggests in his memoirs, the Joint Chiefs were called on to do little more than ratify the fundamental strategic idea:

"It soon became clear to me that the month-long survey which the Joint Chiefs were required to make prior to taking office had been merely an orientation exercise, so far as I was concerned. The recommendations which I later made, partly as a result of that survey, had been given scant consideration in the deliberations which established the force levels for the Army. It seemed likely that the size and strength of the Army—in fact the pattern of the whole military establishment under the new administration—had already been decided upon, in outline at least, long before. In my opinion, which is supported by items appearing recently in the press, this preplanning took place shortly after the election in 1952, when President-elect Eisenhower met with some of his future key advisers aboard the U.S.S. *Helena*, while en route home from his visit to Korea."

General Ridgway's charge of preset ceilings is noteworthy in view of statements by Secretary Wilson and Admiral Radford that no decisions have yet been made for the fiscal years 1958-1960. Many people in the Pentagon regard the pending Radford proposal as just another effort to impose a preordained pattern on the Joint Chiefs, especially since he made it after rejecting their force-level estimates as too high.

Massive or Measured?

The massive-retaliation dogma was first announced by the President casually in his State of the Union message in 1954 and unfurled with fanfare by Secretary Dulles a few days later. President Eisenhower on several occasions seemed to view it as the be-all and end-all in national-security policy. In a news conference on December 15, 1954, he commented, "If you could win a big [war], you would certainly win a little one."



The policy was criticized on both military and moral grounds. Russia's stockpiling of nuclear weapons and the growing neutralism among smaller countries that would lie in the paths of intercontinental bombers influenced a change at least toward milder semantics.

Washington began to hear talk of "measured retaliation"—"making the punishment fit the crime." The National Security Council incorporated measured retaliation into a new policy early this year. This called for flexible means to fight any kind of conflict. Advocates of a dual military strategy at last felt somewhat easier over the obvious possibility that in a time of nuclear stalemate the Communist empire might begin to maneuver its more numerous conventional forces a bit carelessly.

Army leaders especially were heartened by this new policy. But some observers quickly came to suspect it was merely lip service, designed to appease the critics of the one-weapon policy within the military establishment and to allay the fears of the smaller nations.

Power to Match Intent

These critics now feel that the Radford proposal, if carried out, would make the new plan of flexible retaliation little more than a precious top-secret scrap of paper. They believe that the Army of about 550,000 men which would be left would not be equal to all the tests that might arise, no matter how powerful an

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atomic punch its new combat groups could pack. It is estimated that such an Army could sustain only about 150,000 men overseas.

Inextricably linked with the factor of strength is the matter of intent. If the United States means to remain resolute in helping to meet any important challenge to the free world, then the effect of inadequate conventional forces on our ability to back up our intentions should be examined with great care.

It has been reported that General Maxwell D. Taylor, Army Chief of Staff, has made this a point of his objections to the Radford proposal. He is said to have suggested that any weakness in conventional forces would have the effect of making us wait for a high level of provocation before we would oppose a threat to our interests with nuclear weapons. If we had to rely primarily on nuclear weapons we would temporize before deciding to use them. Meanwhile a situation could deteriorate and we might be confronted with a crisis that could have been avoided in the first place by the availability of conventional forces.

The current Red Chinese moves on the Burmese border and the Suez Canal crisis are examples of nibbling actions against the free world's interests that might require less than massive intervention if diplomatic action should fail.

A FEW months ago there was talk in Washington of setting up a Free World Strategic Reserve. The chief alteration it would have made in United States strategy would have been the stationing of ground units in Turkey and in the Philippines. The idea was to have a stabilizing force in two potential trouble spots —the Near East and Southeast Asia. It was abandoned apparently for the sake of conforming with the centralized-reserve concept and keeping the budget down.

Whatever the reason, the presence of a U.S. division in Turkey would have had a tranquilizing influence on the explosive Suez situation, according to some Pentagon experts. It might have had a dampening effect on the ambitious Nasser. To move a division there now, of course, would only inflame the Arab nations, as Britain and France are finding out. In any case the situation, if it comes to force, is one in which the Allies are hardly likely to risk the moral condemnation that would follow the use of nuclear weapons against the relatively weak Egyptian forces. Military experts here view it as the kind of situation that airborne or amphibious forces might well deal with in a short time.

Communist Behavior

In *Military Policy and National Security*, a book that should have wide reading among the big-bomb strategists, William Kaufmann says:

"In the realm of governmental attitudes there are obviously several changes that must occur before an effective program of deterrence can be set in motion. . . .

"An ossification of governmental outlook, a clinging to stereotypes that bear no relation to current realities, a refusal to experiment with new ideas and methods, all preclude the institution of an effective program of deterrence, especially if that program contains elements of rewards as well as sanctions. Of equal importance is the development of the will, and the institutions, for regular consultation and planning with the governments of our allies. They have a large stake in the effectiveness of our policy, and they can affect materially the degree of its credibility. For the Communists know, and regret, that we are very heavily committed to the Western coalition. If they see disagreement within the alliance, as there has been over the doctrine of massive retaliation, they will find it difficult to take our intentions seriously.

"However delightful it may be to formulate policy in isolation, the luxury is one that we can no longer wholly afford. A willingness to act as the responsible leader of a coalition is an essential prerequisite to effective deterrence in the present state of the world."

WHO CAN quarrel with the aim of sparing American youths from possible involvement in foreign wars, especially atomic wars? More than enough of the youth of the world has been wiped out with old-fashioned gunpowder in two generations. Last year's Louisiana maneuvers demonstrated what we may expect in the way of unprecedented chaos and casualties on the battlefield as the result of the use of even so-called small or tactical atomic weapons.

The Administration is right in expecting free countries abroad to demonstrate their willingness to fight for their own destiny as well as for the family of nations. Certainly it would make no sense to leave Americans indefinitely in the military vacuum that is West Germany. That country assuredly will have to look to its own future.

Yet the development of West Germany's army of twelve divisions has a considerable bearing on this country's security too. So the question is whether it would be prudent to set the Radford plan in motion with troop reductions that would have to begin next July 1. No responsible U.S. official is willing to say that Russia has given up its aim of Sovietizing the world. Perhaps we shall see clearly the true direction of Soviet policy under its new masters by 1960, but by that time the Radford plan, if approved, will have run its course. If it should prove wrong, war might be forced on us before we could rebuild conventional forces.

THE KREMLIN has always calculated our soft spots well. The withdrawal of our occupation forces before the Korean aggression is an obvious example. The war that the Army fears now is not the one that the hydrogen bomb is intended to deter. In the era of nuclear stalemate it is the brush-fire war, the Indo-China type of creeping Communist aggression, the Greek Communist kind of guerrilla warfare that the Communist empire will be able to engage in with relative impunity, using its greater number of field armies equipped both with conventional and nuclear tactical weapons.

It is a peculiarity of Pentagon of-

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ficial talk that it stresses our use of small atomic weapons to offset the Russian superiority in manpower, as if Russia would never adopt similar tactics and similar weapons. In a recent letter to Hanson W. Baldwin, Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov, the Soviet Defense Minister, rejected the idea that air-and-nuclear power is now the predominant type of armed force in war. No U.S. Army leader disagrees with the proposition that our Strategic Air Command should be our first line of defense. But as Zhukov wrote to Mr. Baldwin:

"Air power and nuclear weapons by themselves cannot decide the outcome of an armed struggle. Along with atomic and hydrogen weapons, in spite of their tremendous destructive power, large armies and a tremendous quantity of ordinary arms inevitably will be drawn into military operations."

Our Army leaders find it uncomfortable to be in theoretical agreement with Marshal Zhukov—particularly because they know that the Marshal is not just a theorist.

Dangerous Drift

Certainly there is validity in the Administration's position that we should not try to match Russia man for man, weapon for weapon, and plane for plane. There is validity also in the conviction that we must not hand Russia a victory by spending ourselves into bankruptcy. It does seem unsound, however, to have our foreign policy backed by a strategy that puts its main reliance on push buttons and nuclear weapons.

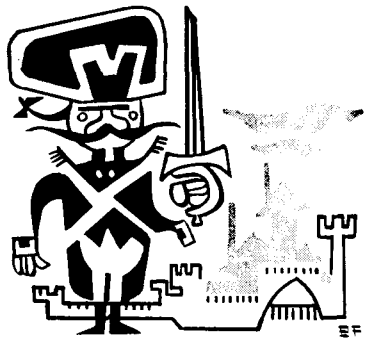
Army Chief of Staff General Taylor is concerned over the drift. It is reported he is filled with a sense of foreboding by the course that is being followed. It is known that he has protested to President Eisenhower against what he regards as the dangers of the retrenchment policy being imposed by Admiral Radford and civilian officials of the Defense Department. Apparently his protests, like General Ridgway's, have carried little weight.

The reduction of Army strength (from 1,481,177 on December 31, 1953, to 1,039,423 on May 31, 1956) is being pressed against the judgment of the Army's highest leaders, who from organizational experiments and maneuvers believe that the advent of nuclear weapons on the battlefield will require more, not fewer, men.

To meet the problem of the atomic battlefield, the Army is streamlining its divisions below the present strength of 17,500 men. Its regiments are being reorganized into highly mobile combat groups that will stress firepower, high-efficiency communications, and dispersion.

Obviously, compact ground units are rewarding targets for tactical weapons. The Army's answer is dispersion and speed of maneuver, but dispersion creates the need for more units. A division subdivided into combat groups will have to cover a great deal more ground in atomic combat, both in breadth of front and depth, than it did in the Second World War.

The tactical aim is to cause the enemy to concentrate and thus present a worthwhile target for small



atomic weapons. When a hole is blown in his line, combat groups plunge through to exploit the break before the enemy can recover. Thus the Army sees no need for revolutionary changes in strategy, tactics, and organization either for general strategic war or limited war. The emphasis is on superior firepower and modifications of time-tested principles of organization and maneuver, with a premium on brave, resourceful leaders.

THE ARMY will soon announce delivery of an eight-inch atomic artillery shell to supplement its 280-millimeter cannon and Corporal and Honest John missiles. The addition of this new shell, the smallest known atomic weapon, for all the Army's hundreds of eight-inch guns will increase its firepower tremendously. This duality of artillery and missiles for conventional or atomic fire confers extreme flexibility for dealing with any kind of aggression. An artillery battery in open terrain or hostile territory would use its atomic shells. In a populated area, where thousands of noncombatants might be victims, it could switch to conventional explosives.

Combat-Readiness

Regardless of this ever-increasing atomic potential, the Army feels a need for a certain minimum of combat-ready divisions. General Taylor, in the prevalent economy climate here, has said that if money were not a problem, the "optimum" Army for the commitments this country has signed would be twenty-seven or twenty-eight divisions. We have nineteen, of which only fourteen are said to be combat-ready; many of the others are below strength, as were the divisions first thrown into Korea.

In the present situation the Army would feel lucky if it could retain the nineteen divisions it has now. Its leaders feel they could cope with a limited war situation reasonably well with that strength. The nineteen divisions would be committed while the general reserve was reconstructed from National Guard and reserve divisions. There are twenty-seven National Guard divisions, which would have to undergo a period of reorganization and training before taking the field. There are twenty-five reserve divisions, but these are essentially cadres of officers and noncommissioned officers.

In a "bad situation" but not a general war, the Army sees a need to commit thirty-eight or forty divisions. This compares with the seven Army and Marine divisions employed in the "limited" Korean War. But as the Army views the future, it all depends on the forces "in being" on D-Day.

Who's For the Army?

Behind the Army stands no great vested interest like the rich aviation industry, or the steel industry and the shipyards that have a legitimate concern with naval shipbuilding programs. Such interests have a pervasive and incalculable influence on Congress and the public mind. The Army uses vast amounts of hardware, of course, but they are widely diffused items that do not

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enlist concentrated support from any one giant industry or powerful lobby. Even the Southern Senators who have been traditionally paternal toward it have been acting almost as if they had been alienated during the Eisenhower Presidency.

IT IS IRONIC that in a time when one of its own, a soldier-President, is in the White House, the Army feels it is threatened more than ever before by faulty concepts. President Eisenhower made the statement that General Ridgway could have only a "parochial" view of national needs. General Ridgway has answered that no one, no matter what his experience, could clearly foresee the nature of nuclear war, for it is still in the realm of theory and conjecture.

Moreover, General Ridgway has also warned that the nation's security may be endangered if civilian officials and the President, no matter what his military experience and judgment, take advice from only one of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Chairman or other. This complaint that Admiral Radford has been gaining too much individual influence in shaping military policy, in spite of objections from the service chiefs, was a factor in the colonels' revolt.

The greater paradox in this issue is that it revolves around the general who left the North Atlantic Treaty Organization with the avowed aim not only of wresting control of the Federal government from the Democrats but also of saving the country from a Taft Presidency.

Is it possible now that the Administration's apparently calculated adoption of a Radford-Taft concept of world strategy will give the shaky NATO structure its final push toward collapse?

—And the Answer Was Suez

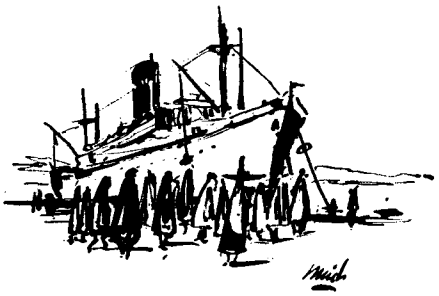
SIMON MALLEY

CAIRO

THE DAY was July 26 and Alexandria sparkled in the bright sunshine. Hundreds of thousands of Egyptians came pouring in from all parts of the country in their colorful galabias to attend the fourth anniversary of the revolution and to hear the speech their President, Gamal Abdel Nasser, was to make. They crowded into the huge central square of Alexandria and into the scores of alleys and side streets where loudspeakers had been mounted. Amid cheers and applause, and shouts of "Long Live the champion of peace!," "Long live the struggle for independence!," "Down with Imperialism!," Nasser stood on a platform surrounded by the men who had joined with him to liquidate the régime of Farouk, both those who continued to rule at Nasser's side and those who had left the government for various political reasons. It was an impressive show of national unity. I saw Khaled Mohieldine, the so-called "Red Major" of the Egyptian Council of Revolution, who quit after having unsuccessfully urged the creation of a Cabinet with Communist participation; also Major Salah Salem, former Minister of National Guidance, who left the Cabinet because of disagreement over his policy on the Sudan question. They were tense and silent, their eyes fixed on Nasser. In the front row and to one side sat Henry Byroade, the United States Ambassador, joking with members of the other foreign missions.

As Nasser began, his voice was calm and carried no trace of emotion. He reviewed, in no particular order, the achievements of the revolution, his recent meeting at Brioni with Tito and Nehru, and the British evacuation of the Suez Canal Zone. He spoke of Israel, "this spoiled child of western imperialism in the midst of our heart," and attacked the "U.S. support of French massacres of thousands of Algerians in North Africa." So far the speech held nothing new for his listeners. But then his voice suddenly became firmer:

"Arms were denied to us, but Israel was supplied with arms until



she became a menacing danger. Then the British said, 'We are ready to arm you on condition that Abdel Nasser keeps quiet in Bandung and lets us execute our policy of alliances.' So the problem of rearmament became a means of domination and restricting our freedom. . . So we began then to get the arms from Russia. . . . I repeat, from Russia, not from Czechoslovakia. Russia agreed to supply us with arms and the arms deal was carried out and then there was a big hullabaloo, who knows over what? . . . They said that these were Communist arms but this is nonsense because arms in Egyptian hands are Egyptian arms."

'I Will Kick Him Out!'

At this point Nasser's voice took on an ironic tone. "When the arms deal was made public America sent Mr. Allen [George V. Allen, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern, South Asian, and African Affairs] with a message from the American government. It was assumed that he would be received by me. And then news from Washington arrived reporting that he was bringing with him a threat against Egypt. The American Ambassador asked to see me and told me that he regretted the situation which had developed in

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the relations between the two countries. He advised that I receive the message with calm nerves though it contained something that was likely to wound Egyptian pride and dignity. He said that it would not lead to any practical effect or serious consequences. It was merely a message.

"I told him, 'I am not a professional Prime Minister but a Prime Minister coming out of a revolution, and if your emissary utters one word I will kick him out of my office. These are official words,' I said, 'and I will announce later to the people that you wanted to humiliate their dignity and pride. We will fight to the last drop of our blood.'

"So they threatened to cut the aid, and I answered that I would publicly announce the cut and that we would not be dictated to in our policy.

"This was in the early days of last October. This prominent American official came back later to tell me that he had communicated my views to Mr. Allen and that Mr. Allen was rather perplexed because if he delivered the message I would kick him out and if he didn't deliver it Mr. Dulles would kick him out. I answered that I did not care what Mr. Dulles would do to him. All I knew for certain was that I would kick him out. However, when Mr. Allen came, he never opened his mouth. Nor did he deliver any message. The whole thing was a bluff."

Outbursts of laughter, cheers and applause interrupted Nasser again. "Down with America!," "Long live Russia!," shouted the people. Throughout the astonishing passage, Ambassador Byroade sat motionless, listening intently to the interpreter at his side, keeping his eyes fixed on the floor.

When the Ambassador was asked later how he felt about this episode of Nasser's speech, he did not challenge it. He simply shrugged his shoulders in despair. "Frankly, I was stunned and shocked. I did not expect him to say such things."

Fezzes in the Air . . .

For three and a half hours Nasser went on speaking, using vernacular Arabic as he usually does to make himself better understood to the common man and to identify himself with the masses. He reviewed in the greatest detail the long negotiations over aid for the Aswan High Dam, his long talks with Eugene Black of the World Bank ("I looked at Mr. Black and imagined that the person seated before me was Ferdinand de Lesseps"), the unacceptable American conditions, and the final refusal from Washington of July 19. "They are punishing Egypt because it refused to side with military blocs!," he cried. "They also declare in their papers: 'We are doing this so that the Egyptian people will know that Nasser has harmed them. . . .' They do not know that I am refusing because the Egyptian people do not approve what they are asking."

Finally, in the last few minutes of his speech, he came to the momentous declaration: "A resolution adopted by the Council of Ministers for the nationalization of the Suez Canal Company. . . ."

Hundreds of thousands of Egyptians roared, shouted, kissed each other, threw their fezzes in the air, laughed and cried. The foreign diplomats were stunned. Dazed, they remained seated for several moments while the crowd took up its slogans again, stronger than ever.

Mr. Byroade's Warning

What followed has appeared in daily headlines. The immediate prologue, however, is little known, and provides a useful clue to some of the puzzling contradictions behind the current crisis. The missing key is the fact that Nasser, many months before, had reached the decision that he could not accept western aid to finance the Aswan High Dam.

As pieced together from personal interviews with most of the protagonists, the events immediately preceding Nasser's speech developed as follows. On July 5 Ambassador Byroade called Dr. Ahmed Hussein, the Egyptian Ambassador to the United States, who was then in Cairo for consultations. Byroade told Dr. Hussein that he was being transferred to South Africa and that such a move meant that the policy he had pursued during the past few years was to be abandoned.

According to a highly placed

Since the release in the United States of the radio-monitored text of Nasser's speech, there has been a mounting controversy over whether Nasser actually identified the high American official mentioned in this episode as being the American Ambassador Henry Byroade. According to the translation of the monitored text as made available by the State Department, Nasser referred only to a "high American official." In its edition of July 31 the Washington *Post and Times Herald*, taking due note of this passage, called for a State Department investigation of "what appears to have been an atrocious piece of diplomatic sabotage." A week or so later William H. Stoneman, correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* writing from Cairo, reported that the American official mentioned by Nasser was "obviously" Mr. Byroade. The following day, Assistant Secretary of State George V. Allen addressed himself to the point but did not really settle the question: "I am confident," he said, "that neither Ambassador Byroade nor any other official tried through conversations with Nasser or in any other way to sabotage my mission to Cairo."

The text of Nasser's speech used in this article is taken directly from the official release of the Press Department of the Egyptian Foreign Ministry dated July 26, 1956. Presumably for the sake of convenience, this text was greatly condensed by the Foreign Ministry, as well as censored for roughness of language. But it unmistakably contains the words "American Ambassador" as underlined in the photostatic copy which we show here.

ولما اطلقت الصفة الرسمية ارسلت امريكا المستر آلن الندوب لها يحمل رسالة من الحكومة الامريكية
وكان المفروض ان يقابلني وجاء الانباء من واشنطن تقول لي انه يحمل تهديدا لمصر وانفصل بي السفير
الامريكي لمقابلتي فقال انه متأسف لهذه الحالة التي وصلت اليها العلاقات بين البلدين وتمنى ان اقبل
الرسالة باعصاب هادئة مع انها تحوي ما قد يجرح العزة والكرامة المصرية فقال لن يكترث عليها اي اثر على ولا
عواقب خطيرة فهي مجرد رسالة فقلت له انني لست رئيس وزارة محترف ولكني رئيس وزارة من طريق الثـــورة
واذا حضر مندوبكم وتكلم كلمة واحدة سأطرده من مكتبي وهذا كلام رسمي وسأطلع الشعب انكم اردتم اهانة
عزته وكرامته وسنقاتل جميعا لآخر قطرة من دمائنا.

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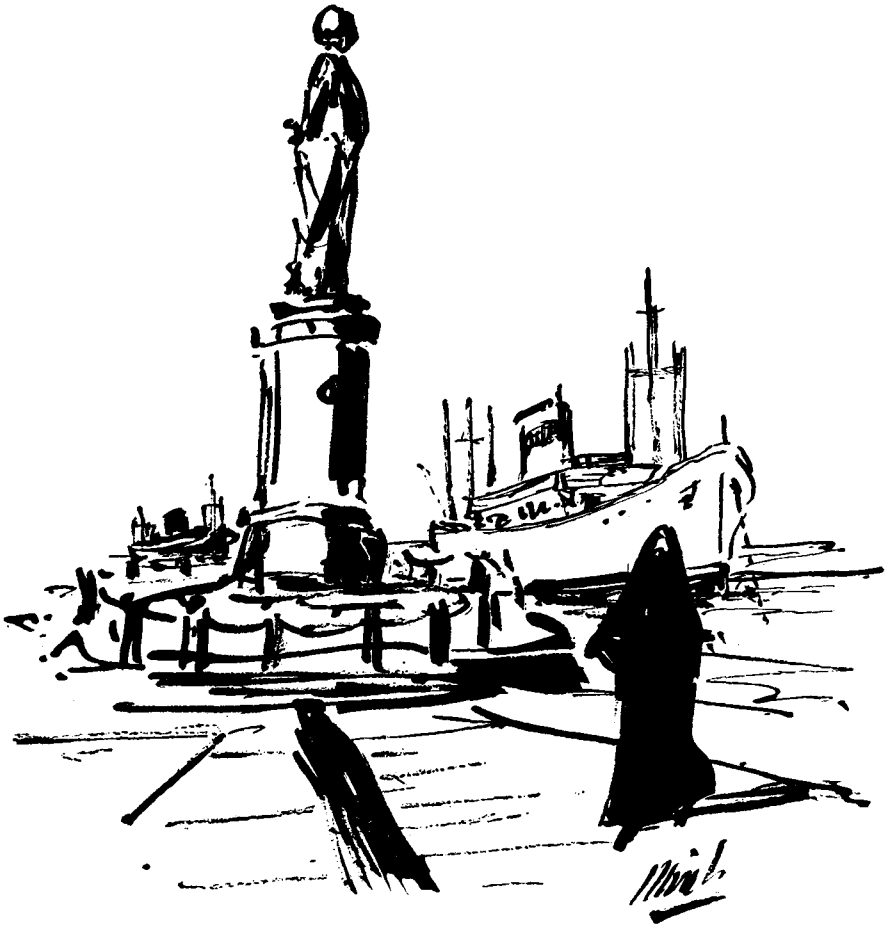

diplomat, Byroade warned Dr. Hussein that a new policy, if not overtly hostile at least unfriendly, was about to be adopted vis-à-vis the Egyptian government. He also informed him of a cable from the State Department to the effect that Secretary Dulles had assured Congress that the U.S. government was no longer inclined to finance the Aswan High Dam, but that in the event of any change because of special circumstances he would again bring the question before Congress. This meant, said Byroade, that American reappraisal of its policies toward Egypt had in effect already been concluded.

American officials in Cairo agreed that many elements had contributed to the change of State Department policies toward Egypt. But one top American diplomat in Cairo singled out a special factor:

Egypt's recognition of Communist China, he said, played a very prominent role. There is no doubt that this step convinced Dulles that he could no longer count on Nasser as a friend. He told Byroade that he had "hundreds" of reports indicating how Egyptian foreign policy was geared more and more to anti-western trends, and added that he did not really see what could have provoked the Egyptian decision to recognize Communist China, unless it was an urge to needle United States diplomacy in an election year.

The China Lobby, he continued, which still exercises considerable influence in Congress, also went into action. It had never liked Byroade much because of his association with then Ambassador George Marshall during his negotiations in China in 1946. It felt that he did not know how to handle the situation in Cairo and that he had let Nasser get away with too much.

Added to the series of complaints the department had received on the various aspects of Egyptian foreign policy, the recognition of China had the effect of a bomb on the Administration. One Senator even wired Byroade urging him to resign.

'Let Your Hate Choke You . . .'

Nasser's first reaction when Ambassador Hussein brought him the news from Byroade was, he declared in a speech on July 29, to inform Washington right away that he had long since decided not to accept the American loan. "But on second thoughts," he added, "I felt this was the occasion we were waiting for in order to unmask before world opinion the duplicity of United States diplomacy toward Egypt. We wanted to show how the Americans had been stalling us for many years while promising aid all the time. In this way, we will have our hands free for future actions with regard to the financing of the dam."

The consensus of opinion in the Egyptian Cabinet supported him, largely because it felt that the American conditions were incompatible with national sovereignty and that they would lead to further domination by the West.

Nasser asked Ambassador Hussein to return to Washington on July 18 to get the final answer, which he knew in advance would be either negative or conditioned by terms which would be completely unacceptable.

Nasser gambled, but it was a safe gamble. Secretary Dulles's answer was as expected. What stunned Nasser was the manner in which the Secretary of State turned down the Egyptian bid. It was obvious, his aides said later, that the United States government was coming around to the long-standing British view that the West had either to cut Nasser down to size and bring him to reverse his policy or else to encourage elements within Egypt to overthrow him. The army was furious and the man in the street started to speak angrily of the "U.S. slap to Egypt."

"America was perfectly entitled to refuse us aid, despite all her promises," Nasser told me. "It is her right because it is her money. But to create doubt about our economy, to cast suspicion on the soundness of our financial policies at a time when we are striving hard to raise our standard of living, could only be interpreted as a move to destroy world confidence in our economic position. They heaped humiliation on top of humiliation. They were addressing themselves to the Egyptian people to overthrow me. This is why I answered back, 'Let your hate choke

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you to death . . . because Egypt will not yield to any foreign ultimatum.' "

DULLES's decision was followed by a violent anti-American campaign in the Egyptian press. The newspaper *Al Chaab* attacked the Point Four program and called it a "spy nest" which provided Egypt with diseased chickens to ruin the country's poultry farming. The magazine *Rose El Youssef* described at length the persecution of American Negroes, "who are dragged through the streets, whipped, raped, and then thrown out like dirty rats." Other papers went so far as to attack the discrimination against Jews in the United States. One editorialist of *Al Kahira* said: "Where is your civilization, Americans? It can only be in the gutter!"

To counter the humiliating terms of Washington's rejection, Nasser adopted what proved to be the most popular decision he has taken since he became the leader of the nation. Six days later, he struck at the chief symbol of foreign domination in Egypt and announced the nationalization of the Suez Canal Company.

'No War, No Peace'

Nasser's action cannot be fully appreciated without some understanding of the turmoil underlying Egyptian life today.

Most of the domestic pressures are reflected in one way or another through the army, which has become a sort of barometer of mass feelings and attitudes in the nation. "Where national interests are at stake," I was told by former Deputy Prime Minister Gamal Salem, "we must be present. This is a revolution and we need trusted elements in the key industries which determine the economy of our nation."

The Egyptian Army today is no longer headed by an elite clique. Today young officers, drawn mostly from villages where they have grown up under appalling social conditions, are being commissioned at twenty years of age. Together with the great majority of older officers, who also come from rural areas, the influence they exert on the government as a voice of the people is tremendous.

They do not question the government's decision to spend millions for Soviet arms and to earmark 93,427,000 Egyptian pounds for external and internal security out of a budget of £E280,500,000. For all these officers national defense comes first. But for most of them the nation's economic and social welfare is also a matter of deep concern. Here is a typical reaction from one army officer:

"We need arms for our defense. Everybody supports Nasser on this issue. . . . but the western powers can milk us to the last drop of our national resources by keeping the tension high with regard to the Palestinian question, by strengthening Israel and thus compelling us to buy more arms. It would be a vicious circle which could eventually ruin us. Somewhere, somehow, a solution must be found. But how?"

The other pressures at work are more familiar and more or less unchanged: the economic problems and the mounting difficulties of coping with the growing needs of a growing nation, the whispering campaigns of opposition elements, whether of the Moslem Brotherhood, the Communists, or the former Wafd Party, the hesitancy of foreign investors.

Nasser himself is acutely aware of this state of affairs. In one of my last talks with him he put it this way: "In our army—which is the mirror of public opinion at large—there are two schools of thought very much like those which have characterized American military thinking in the last few years. They had their Radford-Nixon group, which favored military intervention in Indo-China and even in China, and on the other hand they had their Ridgways, who opposed it. We have comparable groups here. But the fact that we still maintain our policy of 'No war, no peace' is the answer to the question which group is in the ascendancy today."

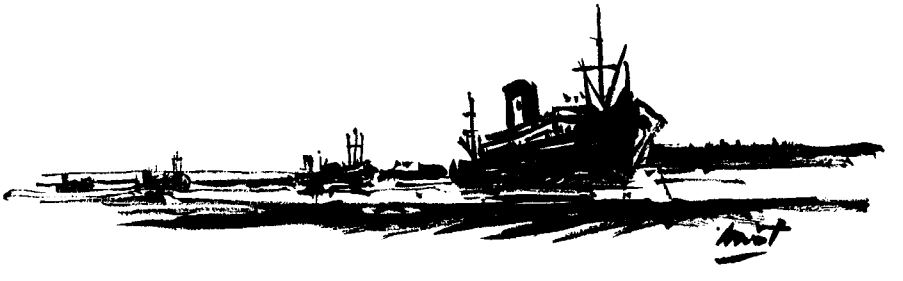
Mr. Shepilov Draws the Line

The balance between these two schools of thought underwent a change with the arrival in Cairo in June of Dmitri T. Shepilov, the Soviet Foreign Minister.

For years, the Soviet position toward Palestine had been interpreted by the government as well as by the press as all-out support of the Arab struggle against Israel. As a result of the talks, it became obvious to Nasser and his colleagues that this was not true. Shepilov told Nasser that Russia does not at all favor the prospects of a war which, while gaining nothing for the Arabs, would give the West an opportunity to regain a foothold in the area and which could not in any event remain a limited war.

Russia, he further stated, has never envisaged the destruction of Israel. Soviet support of the Arabs has aimed only to increase the Arab bargaining power vis-à-vis the Israelis and the West. Arms were granted by the Soviet Union in order to strengthen the Arabs' bargaining power from the military viewpoint. Russia stands equally ready, and for the same reason, to extend economic aid, including long-term loans for industrial projects such as the Aswan High Dam. Under all circumstances, however, the only objective is to have the Arabs come to a conference table, if they ever decide to do so, with strong cards in their hands.

Nasser, who has all along maintained that an Arab-Israeli war could never bring lasting victory because of western support to Israel, and because of Asian (essentially Nehru's) opposition to any such war, found confirmation of the realism of his "No war, no peace" formula.



Despite Shepilov's stand on Palestine, his success throughout his

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tour of the Arab countries was spectacular. The first Soviet Foreign Minister ever to visit this part of the world, he was welcomed as the representative of "the nation which is defending the Arabs against western plots and intrigues."

Mr. Shepilov in return knew precisely the right chord to strike: "We do not want anything from you," he told the Egyptian newsmen during a press conference the day of his departure. "We do not want your oil, we do not want your resources, we do not want your bases. Just your friendship. Just the peaceful development of our relations."

But even without Mr. Shepilov's visit, Soviet prestige and popularity were at an all-time peak. When a Lebanese Maronite Deputy stood up in his Parliament last May to criticize Soviet policies in Palestine, he received a pair of shoes in the nose and had to sit down in the midst of a furious Assembly. The next day, a Lebanese newspaper titled the article thus: "An American agent in the Parliament plays his usual trick."

Operation BLACK-DE LESSEPS

Throughout the Middle East the constant blundering of western diplomacy has greatly strengthened popular support for a policy of neutralism. Added to this, the tremendous growth of Soviet popularity and Soviet readiness to offer aid with "no strings attached" has now made it practically impossible for most of the Arab governments or for any leader to favor a western offer of assistance over a comparable Soviet offer or to maintain a real equilibrium between the two blocs. Former Lebanese U.N. Delegate Charles Malik, widely known for his pro-western and anti-Communist sympathies, told me in Beirut: "It is like an irresistible wave which you can't stop. If you try, it will destroy you."

This, then, was the climate in which Nasser received Mr. Dulles's "humiliating" rejection of aid. The means to reply lay ready to hand. Operation BLACK-DE LESSEPS, as it was coded among a handful of high army officers in the days preceding July 26, was indeed a masterpiece of staff planning, secrecy, and discipline. It was not improvised on the spur of the moment, as so many diplomats and newspapers at first supposed, but was the result of long months of painstaking work.

Actually, the scheme to nationalize the Suez Canal Company dates back to October, 1954, when Nasser created a commission under the chairmanship of Dr. Bahgat Badawi, former Minister of Commerce and now head of the newly created Suez Canal authority, to study the various problems anticipated when the company's lease expired in 1968. Few questioned the strange fact that the commission was created fourteen years before the concession was to expire. A year later, the Egyptian Embassy in Washington received formal instructions to sound out the United States government about the possibilities of hiring American pilots for the Suez Canal. Surprised at such a premature move, the State Department queried the Embassy, which answered that the aim was to prepare for 1968. Again, strangely enough, nobody guessed that the answer was not quite that simple. Only after the nationalization of July 26 did somebody in the State Department think to raise a further query, whereupon the Egyptian Embassy politely informed the Department that the request was months old and no longer stood.

'We Have Not Finished . . .'

Such was the secrecy under which the commission pursued its studies that its own members did not know what Nasser really had in mind. Wing Commander Aly Sabri, Nasser's top adviser on foreign affairs who went to London in August as his personal observer at the Suez Conference, put it to me this way: "It all depended on the attitudes of the western powers. If they continued to sabotage our efforts towards economic development and military preparedness, then we had our program well established and ready to be implemented. We had, and still have, many cards in our hands. When the French, under American guidance, delivered twenty-four Mystère jets to Israel, the decision to recognize the Peking government—a decision already approved in principle during Nasser's talks with Chou En-lai in Bandung—was announced.

"When Dulles withdrew his offer in such a way as to question the soundness of Egypt's economy, we announced the nationalization of the Suez Canal. We have not finished and will not stop until the western powers recognize that what belongs to the Arabs must return to the Arabs, and, above all, that our readiness to act with due regard to their interest depends primarily on their attitude toward our basic needs and national aspirations."

In short, the determination to nationalize the canal was supplied by President Nasser; the occasion was provided by Mr. Dulles.

WHATEVER the final outcome of the Suez crisis, one result will be more hostility toward the West throughout the Arab countries, more distrust of the West's diplomatic approaches and promises, and less chance for the early advent of the peace and stability which the Republican Administration had pledged to bring about in the Middle East when taking office.

With the Aswan High Dam affair, Mr. Dulles and the West had achieved almost the opposite. By the language and manner in which he withdrew the offer of American aid, Dulles was patently attempting to undermine and eliminate a régime that actually gained in force and popularity as a result. Ranged on the side of Nasser, to a greater or lesser extent, were leaders and peoples throughout the Arab and Moslem world, the Soviet Union and China along with their satellites, and leaders of such uncommitted powers as India, Yugoslavia, and Indonesia. The list was formidable. The West's difficulties in trying to retrieve its lost prestige would be formidable too.

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Siren Songs In Damascus

HAL LEHRMAN

UPGRADED last November from legation to embassy, the Soviet mission in Syria now occupies five times as much office space as before. Russian names on the accredited diplomatic list have mounted from four to thirteen, not counting lower-echelon staff. Ambassador Sergei Nemtchina, an old Oriental hand lately practicing in Thailand, is the first Soviet envoy to reside in Damascus permanently, his predecessors having divided their time with Lebanese Beirut. Economic-aid, cultural, religious, and miscellaneous good-will delegations arrive from Moscow with chain-belt regularity. Epic quantities of caviar are consumed by Syrians at gala Soviet receptions for each delegation, and for every holiday on the Red calendar.

Heigh-ho, Come to the Fair . . .

The first substantial Soviet invasion of Syria dates back to September, 1954, and the Damascus International Trade Fair. This was intended to be a one-shot event, Syria having little mass purchasing power to make an interesting market for foreign exhibitors. Soviet and satellite agencies nevertheless exhibited with such zeal that the fair was put on again in 1955, opens again this year on September 1, and promises to become a permanent institution.

The show has been an open-sesame to political penetration. Last year Red China rented the largest floor space after Austria, with Hungary, East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia also spread out.

Within two months of last September's sale of Soviet weapons to Egypt—a deal that sent Red stock rocketing in the Arab world—Syria signed trade accords with Poland, the Soviet Union, East Germany, and China, and one in January with Romania.

The artifice of these treaties is evident from Syria's trade statistics for the first nine months of 1955. Trade with the Soviets had amounted to scarcely $150,000, with Poland to $200,000, with China (including Formosa) to $280,000. (Throughout 1954 imports from East Germany were worth $25,000, exports zero.) On the other hand, Syria's trade with the United States from January through September, 1955, exceeded $20 million, with France $27 million, with Britain $28 million.

The western Big Three—without any trade pacts at all—have continued to be Syria's most massive suppliers and customers by far, even in purchase of the surplus Syrian cotton which the Communist countries were supposed to be rushing to buy. Significantly, none of the eastern pacts indicates the amounts of goods to be exchanged or credits extended.

Six Steps to Paradox

As soon as Damascus learned that new Soviet Foreign Minister Dmitri T. Shepilov was to visit Cairo this June, he was invited to stop in Syria on his way home. Although he failed to be denunciatory enough against Israel for Arab taste, Shepilov was otherwise an eminently successful guest, lavish in praise of Syrian greatness and in offers of Soviet assistance. It is a delicious Oriental paradox that this lovemaking goes on despite the fact that Syria's Parliament is entirely nationalist and predominantly anti-Communist.

Why, then, the seemingly hot Soviet-Syrian courtship? The key lies in certain phenomena peculiar to the exotic Levantine political climate: (1) The Right is conservative, but only in terms of instinctive bias and private wealth; it has no reasoned ideology, no serious program, and no discipline; it is torn by internal squabbles and personal vendettas. Therefore (2) the Cabinet, based on the Right, lacks the cohesion or firmness to give leadership in Parliament, which itself suffers from chronic instability. (In scarcely a decade of independence, Syria has had some twenty Cabinets, four Constitutions, and five military *coups d'état*.) On the other hand (3) the Left, though it holds barely ten per cent of the parliamentary seats, is organized, militant, and vociferous in demands for pro-Soviet gestures. The feeble government is dragooned into compliance because it lives in constant dread of (4) another revolt, which the Left might foment among two elements before whom the conservatives tremble: hyperpatriotic schoolboy street rioters and/or reform-minded army officers. Finally (5), Egyptian agents and (6) Saudi Arabian gold are great persuaders of Syrian politicians nowadays—the agents because Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser enjoys enormous prestige in the Arab world as arch-defier of Israel and the West, the gold for obvious reasons.

Fragile Coalitions

The Syrian Chamber of Deputies is hopelessly fragmented and disorganized, its authority barely stouter than during the period from March, 1949, to February, 1954, when a succession of military dictators ruled. One third of the 142 seats belong to "Independents," who are associated with no party, observe no political allegiances, and vote here and there as the wind blows. The rest adhere to groups that are parties by courtesy only, their reason for existence being rather to support one or another individual leader whose policies are strictly personal. Recent

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Syrian Cabinets have been fragile, meaningless coalitions variously of conservative splinters, a vaguely pro-Soviet "Democratic Bloc" of unaffiliated Deputies, and scattered Independents.

CONGENITALLY NATIONALIST, the schoolboys of Syria—as well as teachers and freshly hatched young lawyers, of whom most Arab countries produce a large surplus—have lately come heavily under "socialist" influence. The youngsters can be induced to quit classes and parade at the drop of a slogan. At the beginning of June they stormed and took over the office of the Economy Minister, demanding his trial for permitting wheat shipments to the French in Algeria. A few days later, they rioted to have the United States Information Center in Damascus bolted up because a page of a music book on its shelves carried the score of "Hatikvah," the Israeli national anthem.

The government treats such hijinks with cautious benevolence. It has not been forgotten that just such a spate of adolescent demonstrations led indirectly to the downfall early in 1954 of no less a personage than General Adib Shishekly, the dictator on whom the U.S. State Department was putting its money as a genuine Syrian Strong Man. The police chief of Damascus is sometimes a military man, sometimes a civilian. But either way he is always under army influence. In 1954 the army took advantage of the student outbreaks to unseat Shishekly. Today the army is all the more inclined toward benign noninterference with the schoolboys because it is itself largely controlled by younger officers of pronounced leftist tinge.

Army with Three Left Feet

One western military attaché with long experience in Damascus replied as follows to my query on the strength of the Syrian military establishment: "I doubt if the Syrians themselves know. Let's say it's six brigades, including service units. But the size of an Arab army doesn't matter. What counts is the combative value. With the Syrians, it's near zero. They're all thumbs with their equipment. Their know-how is close to nil. And they lack fighting spirit."

But at least one potential opponent has considerable respect for the Syrian Army—and that is the Syrian Parliament. After all, even after it came home whipped from Palestine in 1949, the army was able to rout the politicians and seize power.

Today, one faction in the military has pro-Soviet tendencies as a legacy from the Israel debacle: The West is blamed for inventing and maintaining the Jewish State; therefore Syria must look to the East. Another group favors Moscow because of a Nasser-like "neutralism." This coterie is primarily nationalist and has a strenuous admiration for Egypt's Revolution Command Council.

A third faction, the most important one, thinks well of the Kremlin for confused—but earnest—reasons of internal ideology. The Syrian officer corps is not a career for rich scions, as in most other Arab armies. Sons of the urban proletariat and the fellahin form the Syrian officer reservoir. Siding naturally with the underprivileged, they want social and economic reforms and feel perennial revulsion against the corruption and apathy of one do-nothing government after another. To them the siren songs of Moscow seem to beckon toward Utopia.

THE SOCIALISTS, known in Syria as the Arab Socialist Resurrectionist Party, or the Ba'ath, enjoy considerable influence in reformist army circles. Since this group holds only fifteen seats in Parliament, it is in the comfortable strategic position of being able to clamor that it is robustly for reforms without ever needing to legislate them or even to prove that it understands what such reforms imply. The concessions it extorts are exclusively on the foreign-policy front—and invariably on the side of Moscow.

Since the election of one lone Communist to Parliament in 1954, the Ba'ath, under its leader Akram Haurani, has increasingly turned fellow traveler, supporting Communist objectives in foreign policy, showering Moscow with compliments and the West with abuse. It is open knowledge in Damascus that Haurani is backed by Army Intelligence special funds and even has a pipeline to the Communist strongbox.

The Communist Chief

It is also fairly clear that the real powerhouse on the Left is not Haurani but Khaled Bakdash, the first known Communist elected to an Arab parliament (another has since turned up in Jordan), and probably the native Communist chief for the entire Levant.

In his case the old saw about "money from Moscow" must certainly be true, because obviously no other source of funds exists for his large bills. For a by-election in October, Communists from all over Syria and Lebanon descended on the town of Homs in fleets of cars at party expense.

The election of Bakdash in 1954 was certainly not an accurate gauge of the party's real strength. He received nearly seventeen thousand votes, the third highest total in Damascus. But the Damascenes, including many conservatives, voted for him simply to vent their spleen against the West as brashly as they could. Afterward, they were alarmed at the possible consequences of their own temerity. Bakdash has been sedulously soothing their fears by seeming eminently reasonable on reform issues and reserving his thunder for anti-western causes, which are all safe and fashionable in present-day Syria. The Communist Party is generally credited with less than ten thousand card-carrying members, mostly among proletarian and white-collar concentrations in Damascus and Aleppo. The labor movement is infiltrated, not controlled.

WHAT the Communists lack in numbers they make up in talent, resources, and innocent helpers. Even sheiks and Moslem doctors of divinity are members of the Partisans of Peace, a notorious front for propagation of Soviet virtue abroad.

Of Syria's thirty-seven daily papers, none has a normal circulation much above four thousand, a losing proposition commercially, and bribery has long been an accepted means of getting one's own views into print —or of keeping conflicting views out

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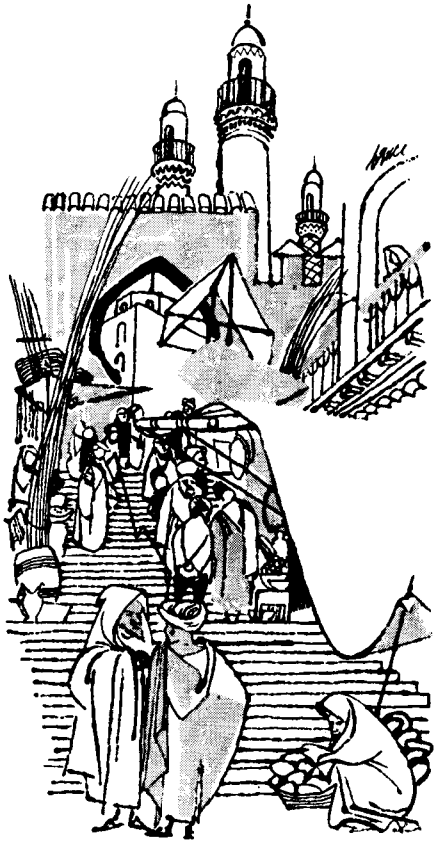
of print. Of twenty-three dailies in Damascus only two generally are pro-West. Being pro-West in Syria, incidentally, does not mean anything daring like endorsement of a regional defense system against Soviet aggression. It simply means expressing admiration for American technology while rejecting "imperialist" American technical aid, or being pro-Iraqi while at the same time denouncing the Baghdad Pact.

THE BAGHDAD PACT is a made-to-order whipping boy for the Communists. The army is hardly well disposed toward it either: Iraq is wealthier than Syria, its army bigger and presumably stronger; Syrian officers would lose much of their present political importance and relative rank in a merger. The Syrian Army, however, is not against pacts on principle. Syria had no compunction last fall against signing a pact with Egypt that put their armies under unified command, on paper, but actually created no mutual military obligations that did not already devolve on both as members of the Arab League. The one clear result achieved thus far is that the then Syrian Premier Saïd el-Ghazzi gave Premier Nasser the Grand Cordon of the Umaya and received the Collar of the Nile. The alliance has since been enlarged to embrace Saudi Arabia, which is similarly already an ally through the Arab League. This time Syria netted, apart from ribbons, a $10-million Saudi loan.

Trial and Terror

Syria is the most xenophobic of all the Arab States. The assassination of Army Deputy Chief of Staff Lieutenant-Colonel Adnan Malki in April, 1955, was the pretext for a massive trial in which death sentences or jail terms were handed out to sixty-five defendants, mostly *in absentia*. The prosecution openly charged the United States with complicity, and offered as "proof" letters ostensibly written by an obscure student at Georgetown University allegedly recommending that the American Embassy's aid be solicited for a *coup d'etat* that would realign Syria with the West by entry into the Baghdad Pact.

The whole question of Malki's assassination has recently provided cause for a showdown between nationalist, Soviet-orientated elements in the army and more moderate groups. On August 3 President Shukry al-Kuwatly submitted his resignation because, despite heavy leftist pressure to hasten the executions, he refused to sign the death warrants of three men who had been implicated in the shooting. On the following day, however, al-Kuwatly withdrew his resignation on condition that no executions be carried out pending further study of the situation, and the showdown seemed at least to have been postponed.



Western observers who have kept long and sensitive vigil over the unstable Syrian scene find reasons to hope that in the last startling analysis, the sheer intensity of Syrian nationalism may prove a safeguard against extreme Soviet penetration.

A supercharged zeal for its "sovereignty" has prevented Syria from accepting any American economic-aid missions or cash. Even negotiations for an urgently needed World Bank loan have been suspended, professedly because they threaten Syrian "independence."

Similarly, despite persistent reports, there has been no sure confirmation of an arms deal for Soviet jet planes. Of course the Syrian high command would be delighted to acquire such weapons at giveaway prices. If it is true that the deal has nevertheless not been made, observers say, it may be because the planes would have to be accompanied by Soviet "technicians." The Syrian officer corps, which is interested above all else in retaining its power, would suspect and hate such dangerous guests even more than a western military mission. It is known, however, that Syrian purchasing missions have been shopping for western arms and that the Big Three are trying to decide what to sell them.

The Trade Squeeze

How much danger is there of another Army *coup d'état*? Judging from Syria's ripe tradition of coups and the timorous behavior of the Right, another military grab would seem possible any morning. It is pointed out, however, that such an adventure would be much riskier for its leaders than in previous years. A new coup could be headed only by officers known to be soft on the Soviet side. Iraq—and Turkey—would certainly not look tolerantly on such a sinister development just across their borders. Compared with Syria, both these countries are positively formidable.

As a matter of fact, Iraqi-Turkish displeasure over Syrian sullenness has already been expressed in a tightening economic squeeze. Tariffs on Syrian goods have soared, and both borders have been shut against Syrian smugglers by barbed-wire fences and, reportedly, even by mine fields. The plain economic truth, if only the rabid anti-imperialist and pan-Arab Syrian nationalists could bring themselves to acknowledge it, is that Iraq and Turkey were Syria's best customers, especially for cotton goods from Aleppo factories. Egypt produces the same things as Syria and is of little economic use.

The tensions with Iraq and Turkey have already made serious inroads into the Syrian economy, further shaken by wheat-crop failure and other difficulties. Some observers believe that these, if nothing else, may yet compel the Syrians to simmer down.

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Kashmir: A Friendly Call From a Northern Neighbor

M. YUSUF BUCH

ONCE A YEAR in Srinagar, capital of Kashmir, a fat Maharajah used to be rowed down the River Jhelum in a gilded barge. The bridges would be decked in variegated tapestries, children would parade in festive costumes, people would line up in thousands on the banks. The autocrat would then visit the Rajgarh Palace and, in ornate ceremony, receive the homage of his servants. The Kashmiris resented him but they enjoyed his gaudy show.

Last December, a similar pageant was staged in Srinagar, with the same Kashmiri settings and props. The center of the spectacle was a man just as rotund as the Maharajah. But he was no Oriental potentate and he was not content with mere glitter. In the same Rajgarh Palace, accompanied by a friend, he made a thoroughly political speech: He castigated Pakistan, denounced the "notorious" Baghdad Pact, recognized Kashmir as part of India, and warned the Kashmiris against "American monopolist circles" and their machinations. The man was Nikita S. Khrushchev. The friend was Nikolai A. Bulganin.

It was the first time a great power had intervened on the spot in the eight-year-old dispute over Kashmir between India and Pakistan. While the contestants had been wrangling over the land—with India controlling the bulk of it, thanks to its army and a government of its choice in Srinagar, and Pakistan demanding a plebiscite—diplomacy, whether western or Communist or Afro-Asian, had been content to look the other way. Most governments had endorsed the solution proposed by the Security Council of the United Nations: withdrawal of outside armies from Kashmir, followed by a plebiscite. Apart from that, all had avowed equal friendship for both sides and all had advised them to settle the dispute amicably. Except when this sort of neutralist advice annoyed neutralist Prime Minister Nehru of India, the dispute had not developed any international asperities.

THE KHRUSHCHEV INCIDENT, therefore, was regarded in the West as a tempest of the teacup variety. When Pakistani Ambassador Mohammed Ali protested it during a debate at the United Nations Assembly, the clash with the Soviet representative was only momentary and most other delegates sat in embarrassed silence. The very Indo-Pakistani nature of the dispute was a kind of safe, nonconducting material; Kashmir could still be considered an insulated wire.

The Kashmiris themselves, however, received a shock. In describing them as "neighbors," Khrushchev reminded them of their perilous proximity to the Soviet Union. In addressing them directly, without the presence of any high-level representative of the Indian government itself, he gave them a sharp sensation of exposure. The move demonstrated that neither Kashmir nor the dispute regarding it was necessarily sealed off. What gave it significance was its drama as well as the fact that it was not discordant with either Kashmir's geography or its internal politics.

The Padok Corridor

So far as geography is concerned, the latest maps published in China indicate that the Padok Corridor is now regarded as Soviet territory. This corridor is a narrow strip of land in the high Pamirs that connects Sinkiang, an outlying province of China, with Afghanistan and divides the Tadzhik Soviet Republic from Kashmir. Owing to this transfer, Russia has a common frontier with Kashmir for the first time. It maintains a high-powered radio station and a training center for Asian Communists in nearby Tashkent. There is also a military operational base in the same region with airfields, camps, depots, and training areas extending as far as the River Oxus, or Amu Darya, which forms the border with Afghanistan.

Historically, the area has held a certain attraction for Russia in its desire to expand toward the warm Indian Ocean. In Czarist times, several Russian generals elaborated plans, with varying degrees of seriousness, to invade South Asia through Kashmir and Chitral. These expansionist plans may be obsolete now, but it is questionable if Russia's collective leadership has wholly renounced them. The region is one of unmarked frontiers and, in the modern air age, no longer impassable. Kashmir's apples hang alluringly on the boughs for Russia.

'Nearer Every Day'

Kashmir's politics is hardly a deterrent to Soviet ambitions either. "We are not only near to the Soviet Union, we are getting nearer to her every day," said G. M. Sadiq, the Deputy Prime Minister of the Srinagar government. "In Kashmir," a writer in the *New Times* of Moscow wrote in 1948, "friendship for the Soviet Union and the people's interest in the life of the Soviet Union are particularly great."

There is a Red Square in Srinagar—no other exists outside the Communist world—which is the scene of government-sponsored rallies. The official flag is an adaptation of the hammer and sickle; it is a red flag with a sickle and plow which was designed by a Communist in the late 1930's and which takes precedence over the Indian tricolor. The slogan most often heard is "New Kashmir," the title of a manifesto drafted by a well-known Indian Communist, B. P. L. Bedi. Catchwords like "Down with the capitalists and imperialists" punctuate the utterances of the Ministers; the denouncing of "reactionaries," the talk of a "peace front," the swearing at "Anglo-American imperialists" and their "evil designs" to build bases in Kashmir are some samples of the jargon in vogue. Organizations like the Jammu and Kashmir Peace Conference, the Progressive Writers' Association, and

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the National Cultural Congress propagate the Moscow line and are run by top government officials.

The departments of education and broadcasting are placed in charge of avowed Communists like Dr. K. M. Ashraf; teachers and radio artists who are unable to speak in the Communist vocabulary are demoted or dismissed. The National Extension Training School in Srinagar, run with American dollars that originally came via Point Four aid to India, is a covert center for intensive Marxist-Leninist disciplines. Kashmir is a haven for the otherwise harried Indian Communists, and Sadiq and at least two important Ministers offer them hospitality.

PERHAPS the red snake in the grass is always more apparent to an ex-Communist or a Socialist than to anyone else. The wrath of the Srinagar régime descends particularly on anti-Communist Indian Socialists. This is not surprising because, within India, the régime is criticized most vocally by Hindus who are leftist but not Communist. Some young men among them have formed an End the Kashmir Dispute Committee with headquarters in Delhi, and are agitating for a settlement of the dispute with Pakistan on the basis of a free vote of the Kashmiris. These men do not have any sympathies with Pakistan or its Moslem ideology, but they believe that an unsettled Kashmir is dangerous to its own people as well as to all the peoples of South Asia and that, since it cannot be finally integrated with India, it had better be merged with Pakistan.

Nor does the Srinagar Communists' hostility stop with the Socialists; their opposition spills over at times to Nehru himself. G. M. Sadiq describes him as "progressive in thought and retrogressive in action as he plays into the hands of the capitalists." Sadiq once presided over a public meeting where Hiren Mookerji, deputy leader of the Indian Communist Party, condemned Nehru as "an agent of British imperialism." "No, you're wrong," a member of the local legislature corrected Mookerji. "Mr. Nehru is an agent of not British but American imperialism." Applause greeted the remark. The Hindu boys who booed were rounded up by the police.

This large Communist element in Kashmir is not just a local accident unrelated to Communism's objectives elsewhere. Its aim is twofold: first, to keep this strategic, attractive, and potentially rich Moslem state sundered from the Islamic Republic of Pakistan and, secondly, to keep it so loose and unsettled within India that it will function as a center for Communist power and influence within the Indian federal system or, more remotely, splinter off from the Indian Union altogether. However, Communism in Kashmir is not of an orthodox pattern. It has local wrappings, it

runs a zigzag course, and it is crisscrossed with the pro-Indian movement itself. How it insinuated itself into Kashmir's politics is a story little known in the world outside.

The Hindu-Moslem Split

Back in the 1930's, Kashmir was the scene of a vigorous political movement, Moslem in character but secular in aim, which was to eliminate the Maharajah's autocracy and to integrate the state with the neighboring part of the Indian subcontinent. It was organized under the Moslem Conference and was led by Sheik Abdullah, a valiant and magnetic man, and Ghulam Abbass, soft-spoken but shrewd.

Later, in the 1940's, a turmoil grew between Hindus and Moslems all over the subcontinent. This produced a cleavage in Kashmir. Abbass held onto the Moslem Conference while Abdullah, joined by some Hindus, founded the National Conference. The first allied itself to the Moslem League—the party of Jinnah and Pakistan—and the latter accepted the leadership of the Indian Congress—the party of Gandhi and Nehru.

When, in 1947, the subcontinent was divided into Hindu-majority India and Moslem-majority Pakistan, the Moslem Conference conducted an armed rebellion against the Maharajah and, aided by volunteers and tribesmen and later by troops from Pakistan, established the pro-Pakistan Azad (Free) Kashmir government in part of Kashmir. On the other side, the National Conference backed the Maharajah's decision to join India and prepared the political base for the injection of the Indian Army into the state.

Sheik Abdullah played the pivotal part. For some years before, he had had Nehru's unstinted support; in fact, Nehru (and Gandhi himself) called him "the Lion of Kashmir" and "the undisputed leader of the people." In 1946, Nehru even courted arrest in his defense. Upon Kashmir's accession to India, therefore, Abdullah was appointed Prime Minister. When India complained to the Security Council that Pakistan was abetting the insurgents, he addressed the Council as the former's representative; in fact, his name had been cited in the representation itself as proof of popular support for India's action in Kashmir. The National Conference was the pro-Indian party in the state and Abdullah was its acknowledged head.

NOTHING illustrates the convolutions of Kashmir's politics more graphically than the fact that while India is still disputing Pakistan's claim for a determination of Kashmir's future through a free vote and while the same pro-Indian party, the National Conference, is installed in the local government, all its original leaders and founders are lodged in Indian jails. Former Prime Minister Abdullah has been in prison for three years now without being brought to trial.

Abdullah was fired by the Maha-

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rajah's son—now Chief of the State—and arrested in 1953; the official charges were that he had been conspiring with certain foreign powers regarding the future of Kashmir. Upon being asked to clarify these charges, Nehru refused to elaborate. However, the authorities in Srinagar, supported by him, did not find this discretion necessary. G. M. Sadiq said that Abdullah had entered into a deal with Adlai Stevenson (Mr. Stevenson had visited Kashmir in the spring of 1953 during his global tour) and the American members of the U.N. cease-fire supervision team to declare Kashmir independent and eventually to turn it into an American base. There were also reports which indicated that Abdullah's dismissal and arrest were the result of a strong representation

made by the Soviet Embassy in Delhi about his activities, which were declared to be "hostile to the friendly relations between the Soviet Union and India." These reports were neither confirmed nor denied by any official, Indian or Russian. The coup had, of course, an element of mystery in it but its results have been apparent. The pro-Pakistani movement in Indian Kashmir had already been suppressed. Now Abdullah's followers too were severely punished. The field became open for the maneuvers of the Communists.

The Devious Red Line

The Communists in Kashmir have adopted confusing techniques to disrupt the local non-Communist movements. When Abdullah was in power, they supported him. When he began to fall from grace, they disowned him and hastened his exit. They uphold India's stand in Kashmir, and at the same time they condemn it. They advocate a loose relationship between Kashmir and India but vilify all others who do the same. They encourage troublesome sectional groups and they assist in their suppression. They take one step backwards and two steps forward.

They enjoy this wide latitude because of two circumstances peculiar to Kashmir. The first is the limitation on Nehru's role in Kashmir. In the rest of India, Nehru can openly confront the Communists and, if need be, throw them into jail, but in this Himalayan state his hands are tied. Being in control of a territory that is in dispute and being anxious to resist Pakistan's demand for a free vote, he is forced to look for support from any section of the local population where he can find it.

The second inhibiting circumstance is the nature of the relationship between the Indian federal government and the local government in Srinagar, a relationship that is defined in the Delhi Agreement of 1952. This agreement was obtained by Abdullah to assuage Kashmiri hostility toward any merger with India; it gave Kashmir a larger measure of autonomy than is given to the other components of the Indian Union. It did not remove India's control over Kashmir in sufficient degree to please Pakistan but it did weaken the political restraint India's leadership could exert over the Communists. Grudgingly sanctioned by Nehru, it served his purpose partly but that of the Communists wholly.

THIS PARADOXICAL policy needs an appalling kind of skill. While the Communists have been following it in the internal politics of Kashmir, the Soviet Union has maintained it well on the international plane. During the early stages of the Indo-Pakistani dispute, when the Security Council was evolving the resolutions that Pakistan is now invoking, the Soviet Union was carefully noncommittal. In January, 1952, however, its attitude suddenly changed. "The United States and the United Kingdom," said Jacob Malik, "are putting forward one plan after another which are failing because they are of an imperialist and annexationist nature. The purpose of these plans is to convert Kashmir into an Anglo-American colony and a military and strategic base." In the course of this speech, Malik made some remarks which India thought favored itself. Some days later, however, the late Andrei Vishinsky felt free to assure Pakistan's Zafrullah Khan that the interpretation was wrong.

Last December, Khrushchev declared that the people of Kashmir had already decided to stay with India. But this March, Anastas Mikoyan visited Pakistan and tried to soften the edge of his chief's statement. And Georgi Malenkov, when asked by a Pakistani reporter in London what was the Soviet Union's considered standpoint about Kashmir, genially replied that there was none.

Diplomatically, the Soviet Union can utilize the Kashmir dispute exactly as it has the Palestine dispute. By supporting India's argument that Pakistan has lost its locus in the Kashmir issue because of its military alliance with the United States, the Soviet Union can sidetrack the real issue and divert it into a challenge to the defense systems organized by the West. This is the apparent short-term project. The long-range purpose can certainly be to gain a foothold in the Indo-Pakistani subcontinent. The areas of the

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Soviet Union north of Kashmir and Afghanistan are being transformed industrially. As they emerge from their obscurity, they will seek economic and political markets in these adjacent territories.

The many anti-Communists in India itself who recognize this possibility do not ignore current international alignments. It is true, they say, that Moscow is courting Nehru at present. But Moscow, they add, once courted Chiang Kai-shek as well. Moscow used to denounce Nehru not too long ago. While these friendships and animosities are evanescent, Russia's objective of expanding in South Asia is traditional and durable.

KASHMIR is thus trapped in power politics. Yet the Kashmiri himself is a born isolationist. Bred in his geographical seclusion, he is essentially an introverted character: artistic in his tastes, industrious in his habits, timid before foreigners, and fearful of conflicts. He tells many stories that show his aversion toward violence. During a Hindu-Moslem riot, a Hindu happened to stray into a Moslem locality. The mob surrounded him and a young man advanced to assault him. "Kill the bastard, kill him!" the other Kashmiris shouted, but as the youth showed signs of complying, they warned, "No, no, take care; don't fracture the poor man's bones."

It is these peaceable people living in their idyllic land, who have become a quantity in a political equation they are unable to comprehend and powerless to solve. Pakistan is unlikely to abate its claim that the future of Jammu and Kashmir should be decided by an impartial plebiscite. India is equally unlikely to relinquish its present hold over the bulk of the region. A workable compromise would be a plebiscite in the Vale of Kashmir and adjoining areas and partition of the rest of the state along the present cease-fire line. For the present, however, the compromise has no chance to materialize. The dispute is bound to continue. But over the years, it is unlikely to remain sheltered from the currents and crosscurrents that elsewhere eddy back and forth. The backwater might turn into a maelstrom.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Talk With the Yellow Kid

SAUL BELLOW

"I HAVE ALWAYS affected a pearl stickpin upon my neckwear," says Yellow Kid Weil. The Kid, who is now in his eighties, is an elegant and old-fashioned gentleman; he likes round phrases and leisurely speech. One of the greatest confidence men of his day, he has publicly forsworn crime and announced his retirement. A daughter of his in Florida urges him to pass his remaining years with her, but he prefers Chicago. He will tell you that he knows of no better place, and he has lived in many places. Chicago is his city.

As we stood talking in the lobby of the Sun-Times Building not long ago, a young photographer came running up to the famous criminal, threw an arm about his narrow old shoulders, and said affectionately, "Hi' ya, Kid. Kid, how's it goin'?" At such moments his bearded old face is lit with a smile of deepest pleasure, and looks of modesty and of slyness also steal over it. Bartenders, waitresses, reporters know him. The vanishing race of old intellectuals in the neighborhood of Bughouse Square respects him. Real-estate men, lawyers, even judges and bankers will sometimes greet him. Why should he live elsewhere? He was born in Chicago, his career began there.

It was Bathhouse John Coughlin, Chicago's primitive alderman and illustrious boss, who named him the Yellow Kid. Bathhouse had started out in life as a masseur in the old Brevoort Hotel. When he attained great power he was not too proud to talk to a young fellow like Joe Weil, as the Kid was then known. Weil came often to Coughlin's saloon. An early comic strip called "Hogan's Alley and the Yellow Kid" was then appearing in the New York *Journal,* to which Coughlin subscribed. Weil followed it passionately and Bathhouse John saved the papers for him. "Why, you're the Kid himself," Coughlin said one day, and so Weil acquired the name.

THE KID is now very frail, and it becomes him. His beard very much resembles the one that the late Senator James Hamilton Lewis, a great dandy, used to wear. It is short, parted in the middle, and combed into two rounded portions, white and stiff. Underneath, the Kid's chin is visible, an old man's chin. You think you have met with a happy old quack, a small-time charlatan who likes to reminisce about the wickedness of his past, until you become aware of the thin, forceful, sharp mouth under the trembling hairs of old age. It is the mouth of a masterful man.

He must once have been very imposing. Now there is a sort of fallen nattiness about him. His shoes are beautifully shined, though not in the best of condition. His suit is made of a bold material; it has gone too often to the cleaner, but it is in excellent press. His shirt must belong to the days of his prosperity, for his neck has shrunk and the collar fits loosely. It has a green pattern of squares within squares. Tie and pocket handkerchief are of a matching green. His little face is clear and animated. Long practice in insincerity gives him an advantage; it is not always easy to know when he is being straightforward.

Dill-Pickle Diogenes

By his swindles he made millions of dollars, but he lost as many fortunes as he made, and he lost them always

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in legitimate enterprises. It is one of his favorite ironies and he often returns to it. His wife was forever urging him to go straight. He loved her, he still speaks touchingly of her, and for her sake he wanted to reform. It never worked. There was a curse on any honest business that he tried, whether it was giving pianos away as a coffee premium or leasing the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus. The voice of fate seemed to warn him to stay crooked, and he did not ignore it.

The years have not softened his heart toward the victims of his confidence schemes. Of course he was a crook, but the "marks" whom he and his associates trimmed were not honest men. "I have never cheated any honest men," he says, "only rascals. They may have been respectable but they were never any good." And this is how he sums the matter up: "They wanted something for nothing. I gave them nothing for something." He says it clearly and sternly; he is not a pitying man. To be sure, he wants to justify his crimes, but quite apart from this he believes that honest men do not exist. He presents himself as a Diogenes whose lifelong daylight quest for absolute honesty has ended in disappointment. Actually, he never expected to find it.

He is a thinker, the Kid is, and a reader. His favorite authors seem to be Nietzsche and Herbert Spencer. Spencer has always been the favorite of autodidactic Midwestern philosophers, that vanishing species. During the 1920's the Kid belonged to a Bohemian discussion group on the Near North Side called the Dill Pickle Club. Its brainy and colorful eccentrics, poets, painters, and cranks have long been dispersed by adverse winds. Once Chicago promised to become a second London, but it was not to be; bowling alleys and bars increased, bookshops did not. New York and Hollywood took away the artists. Death did the rest. Herbert Spencer also was destined for the dustbin.

But the Kid is still faithful to him; he spends his evenings at his books—so at least he says—meditating upon the laws of society, the sanctioned and the unsanctioned, power and weakness, justice and history. I do not think the Kid loves the weak, and he dislikes many of the strong, especially politicians and bankers. Against bankers he has a strong prejudice. "They are almost always shady," he says. "Their activities are usually only just within the law."

THE TWILIGHT borderlands of legality attract the Kid's subtle mind. Not long ago he was picked up in the lobby of the Bismarck Hotel on suspicion. He had merely been chatting with one of the guests, he told me, but the manager was worried and phoned the confidence squad. The Kid is used to these small injustices and they do not offend him or disturb his tranquillity. In court he listened attentively to the case preceding his own, that of a bookie.

"Why should this man be fined and punished?" said the Kid when his turn came at the bar. "Why should he be punished for betting when betting is permitted within the confines of the track itself?" The judge, to hear the Kid tell it, was very uneasy. He answered that the state derived revenues from the track. "I would gladly pay revenues to the state," the Kid said, "if I could rent a building within which confidence games would be legal. Suppose the state were to license me. Then confidence men operating outside my building could be arrested and imprisoned. Inside the door licensed operatives would be safe. It makes the same kind of sense, Your Honor." According to the Kid, the judge could make no cogent reply.

Making a Mark

Perhaps the Kid's antagonism toward bankers rests on an undivulged belief that he would have made a more impressive banker than any of them. In his swindles, he often enough pretended to be one. With phony Wall Street credentials he would take in the president of some country bank who would be only too eager to give him permission to make use of his premises. Often the Kid would find a pretext to sit in the president's own office. Entering, his victims would see him seated behind the great mahogany desk and take him for the president.

At one time the Kid was actually the legitimate officer of a bank, the American State Bank on South LaSalle Street in Chicago. He and Big John Worthington, a confidence man who closely resembled J. Pierpont Morgan, together paid some seventy thousand dollars and obtained controlling interest. The Kid became a vice-president. He started a racket in phony letters of credit by which he made about three hundred thousand dollars. He was not caught. On another occasion the Kid rented an empty bank building and filled it with his stooges. The stooges made it look busy; they arrived with bogus currency for deposit, and bags full of lead slugs. Taken in by this activity, the mark was swindled easily by the Kid. Once he took a suite of offices in the heart of Chicago's financial district. Girls from secretarial schools were hired to look busy. They typed names from the telephone directory.

Sometimes the Kid posed as a

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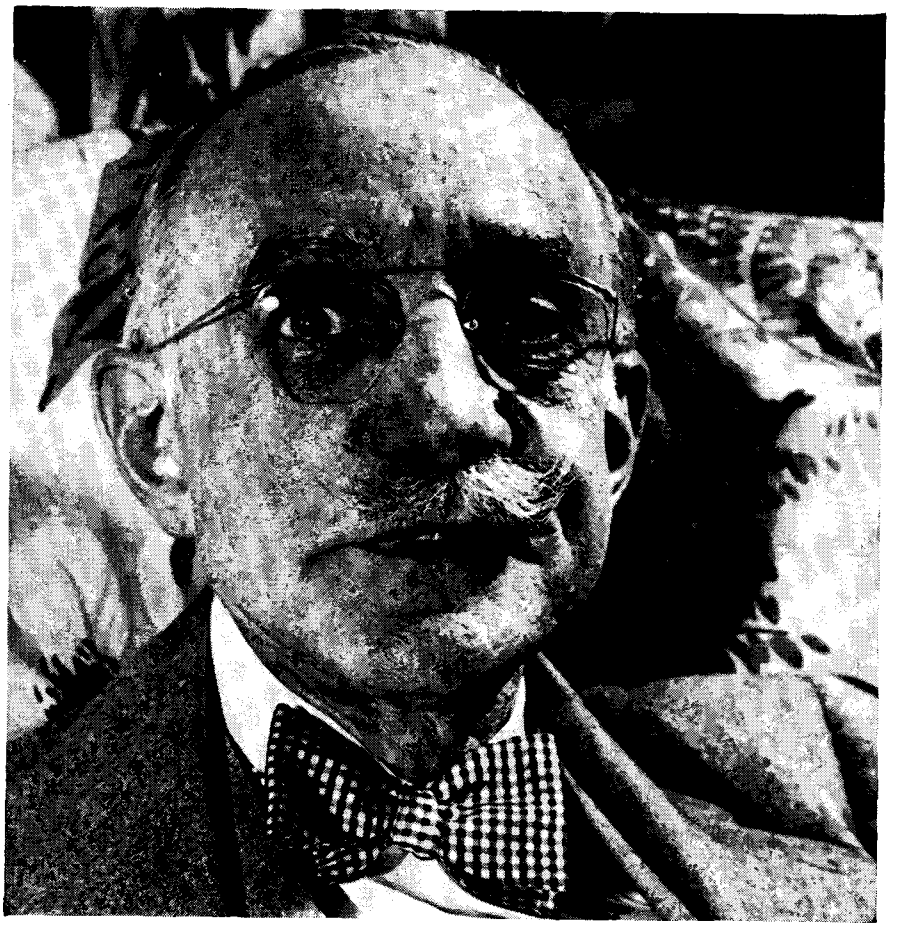
doctor, sometimes as a mining engineer or as a financial representative of the Central Powers, a professor or a geologist. He put magazines and books into circulation from which original photographs were removed and pictures of himself inserted. All his life long he sold nonexistent property, concessions he did not own, and air-spun schemes to greedy men.

THE KID's activities landed him in jail now and then—he has served time in Atlanta and Leavenworth—but he says, and not unbelievably, that he did not have many dull days. His total gains are estimated by "the police and the daily press" at about eight millions. Most of this money he lost on his bad investments or squandered in high living. He loved wild parties, show girls, champagne suppers, European trips. He had his clothes made in Bond Street or Jermyn Street. This English wardrobe is still good; real quality doesn't go out of fashion. But almost everything else is gone.

"Before I reached the years of maturity," the Kid said, "I fell in love with a young woman of the most extraordinary pulchritude. I brought her home one night to dinner. My mother," he said with a bluster of his whiskers and looking gravely at me with the thin diffused blue of his eyes, "was renowned for her perfection in the culinary art. We had a splendid meal and later my mother said to me, 'Joseph, that is a most beautiful young woman. She is so lovely that she cannot be meant for you. She must have been meant for some millionaire.' From that moment I determined that I too would be a millionaire. And I was." The sexual incentive to be rich, the Kid told me, was always very powerful with him.

"I was of a very fragile constitution, unfit for the heavier sort of manual labor. I knew I could not toil like other men. How was I to live? My power lay in words. In words I became a commander. Moreover, I could not lead a tame life of monotony. I needed excitement, variety, danger, intellectual stimulus.

"I was a psychologist," he went on. "My domain was the human mind. A Chinese scholar with whom I once studied told me, 'People always see themselves in you.' With this understanding I entered the lives of my dupes. The man who lives by an idea enjoys great superiority over those who live by none. To make money is not an idea; that doesn't count. I mean a real idea. It was very simple. My purpose was invisible. When they looked at me they saw themselves. I only showed them their own purpose."



Wide World

The Kid B.B. (before beard) as he appeared nine years ago

There are no longer such operators, says the great confidence man, perhaps jealous of his eminence. Where are they to come from? The great mass of mankind breeds obedient types. They express their protests in acts of violence, not ingeniously. Moreover, your natural or talented confidence man is attracted to politics. Why be a criminal, a fugitive, when you can get society to give you the key to the vaults where the greatest boodle lies? The United States government, according to the Kid, runs the greatest giveaway program in history.

The Kid at one time tried to form a little independent republic upon a small island made of fill, somewhere in Lake Michigan. His object was to make himself eligible under the foreign-aid program

Too Mental for Them

A public figure, something of a famous man, a dandy and a philosopher, the Kid says that he now frequently does good works. But the confidence squad still keeps an eye on him. Not so long ago he was walking down the street with a certain Monsignor, he tells me. They were discussing a fund drive in the parish. Presently the con squad drew alongside and one of the detectives said, "What you up to, Kid?"

"I'm just helping out the Monsignor here. It's on the level."

The Monsignor assured him that this was true.

The detective turned on him. "Why, you so-and-so," he said. "Aren't you ashamed to be wearin' the cloth for a swindle?"

The thought so enraged him that he took them both to headquarters.

The Kid laughed quietly and long

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over this mortifying error; wrinkled, bearded, wry, and delighted, he looked at this moment like one of the devil's party.

"They refuse to believe I have reformed," he said. The psychology of a policeman, according to the Kid, is strict, narrow, and primitive. It denies that character is capable of change.

So much for the police, in their ancient office of criminal supervision. But what about the criminals? The Kid did not think much of criminal intelligence either. And what does the underworld think of confidence men? I asked. Gangsters and thieves greatly dislike them, he said. They never trust them and in some cases they take a peculiar and moral view of the confidence swindler. He is too mental a type for them.

"The attitude of the baser sort of criminal toward me is very interesting," he said. They have always either shunned me or behaved with extreme coldness to me. I never will forget a discussion I once had with a second-story man about our respective relations to our victims. He thought me guilty of the highest immorality. Worst of all, in his eyes, was the fact that I openly showed myself to people in the light of day. 'Why,' he said to me with an indescribable demeanor, 'You go right up to them. *They see your face!*' This seemed to him the worst of all deceits. Such is their scheme of ethics," said the Kid. "In their view you should sneak up on people and burglarize them, but to look them in the eyes, gain their confidence, that is impure."

WE PARTED on noisy Wacker Drive, near the Clark Street Bridge. No longer listening to the Kid, I heard the voice of the city. Chicago keeps changing and amazes its old-timers. The streetcars, for instance, are different. You no longer see the hard, wicked-looking, red, cumbrous, cowlike, trampling giant streetcars. The new ones are green and whir by like mayflies. Glittering and making soft electrical sounds, one passed the Kid as he walked toward the Loop. Spruce and firm-footed, with his beard and wind-curled hat, he looked, beside the car, like the living figure of tradition in the city.

American Writing As I See It

WILLIAM SAROYAN

THE WRITING of one people, such as the English, inevitably affects the writing of another people, such as the American, especially in the beginning. If recent English writing is useless to American writing, the older writing of England is still useful, and may never cease to be.

But when *was* the beginning of American writing? Opinions must vary. Facts themselves must vary, at least in how they are interpreted.

In my opinion American writing began when the unschooled took to the business. This leaves out Emerson, but not Whitman.

Leaves of Grass could not have been written in England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland.

Whitman himself probably couldn't have written what he wrote anywhere else in the world. In America, European man had an arena at last in which hope could be limitless, and anybody with sufficient intelligence, energy, and ability was free to achieve almost anything.

The earliest outlet for the nation's drives was in inventions—mechanical, steam, and electrical. Some were practical and useful, although a lot of them were wild and comic, as if they were the work of men who might better have been poets.

THERE'S NO telling what doubts may have been in Whitman's heart about the kind of "poetry" he was writing and how it would be received. It isn't unlikely that he sometimes believed he was making a fool of himself, because even in our own time even our best writers, whenever they hit upon a new order of writing which they feel they must pursue, have doubts about what they are doing, and what the critics and the public will think about it.

Whitman published *Leaves of Grass* at his own expense. It was an instantaneous flop, although Emerson hailed it in a delightful if unexpected letter to Whitman. Emerson might have accurately said the stuff wasn't poetry, but he didn't. And the fact is it didn't matter whether it was poetry or not. No Englishman, not even an unschooled one, could have written as Whitman had, because none would have been willing to do so; none would have been willing to be so likely to be taken for a lunatic.

Leaves of Grass was the beginning, or it came near the beginning, of probably the most unaccountable and complicated culture of all time, the American.

Poe, on the other hand, belonged to the world of art, but as a living American he had a tough time of it. It remained for France to recognize his particular daemon or genius.

Whitman did *not* belong to the world of art. Whatever it was that he wrote, it just wasn't in any of the recognized forms, and what he wrote *about* just wasn't understood to be the proper subject for poetry. As for his manner of writing, it was practically anarchistic. Whitman belonged to the world. He and his work were the same thing, as in the founder of a religion. If he was anything at all he was a personality or, if you prefer, a personage in the European sense—a personage without any inherited, social, or economic right to such a designation. He was Whitman, pure and simple. He was Anybody become Somebody by saying so, which is the essence and meaning of America. He may in time be named the first true American—the upstart with great if impudent confidence who does something different that turns out to be more than merely eccentric or ill-mannered.

Loners and Fables

This ego push is by no means obsolete among us. It persists all over the place, in areas of potential magnificence no less than in areas of inevi-

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table absurdity—from subtle discoveries in science to acts of attention-attracting for what is known as publicity. Whitman was a loner, as most Americans are at heart. He belonged to no school, and founded none. Lincoln was a loner. So were Wilson, Einstein, Lindbergh, Babe Ruth, W. C. Fields, Ford, Edison. And in the world of writing practically everyone we recognize as great, whether we like his writing or not, was a loner: Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Ezra Pound, Eugene O'Neill, Gertrude Stein, Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, William Carlos Williams, to name a few.

What do writers of a place and time contribute to the people of that place and time, or to the culture, so called, of that time and place?

They supply the people with their own fable, which they received from the people in the first place. In order to survive, in order even to fall or fail meaningfully, a people must have a fable. The facts just won't do. History won't do, probably because it's a liar. The day-to-day newspaper, radio, television, and newsreel accounts of the people won't do, either. There's too much of the stuff and it's too raw. The writer takes this raw stuff and puts it into a new fable, or into a new variation of the one fable every writer writes in his working lifetime. He does it for money, he does it for fame, he does it for fun, or he does it because he's mad or half mad, and therefore must or bust, or drink himself to death, or jump, or shoot, as any number of good American writers have done. The best American writers probably began by being mad, and if they survived probably ended by understanding and controlling everybody's madness. That is probably the major contribution of good American writers to American life.

American writing today is still unlike the writing of other peoples, at its best. The simple English of the King James translation of the Bible appears to have served as a model for a great deal of this writing. That kind of usage of the English language is almost impossible not to approximate if a writer wants to be clearly understood and at the same time to say something generally meaningful, as a fable seeks to do.

This usage of language is carried to an extreme in the fable writing of Gertrude Stein, which at the present time is generally considered to be gibberish. Perhaps it isn't, though. Perhaps it is a kind of writing that will create an appropriate kind of reader, and when it does perhaps it will be noticed that the writing is both true and meaningful. I won't try to talk about the philological explorations of James Joyce because he is an Irishman and because I have not yet found the time to do more than read around in (with pleasure, I must say) *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*.

In addition to the true fable makers there have been others. I won't call them the false fable makers, for a fable is a fable, and you pays your money and you takes your choice, as the saying is; but the fact remains that for me Poe's fable making is phony, O. Henry's is both tenderhearted and tricky instead of true, and Damon Runyon's, while slightly amusing in parts, is bogus both in its affectation of underworld speechways and in its unhealthy pretense of admiration for human monsters. On the other hand Ring Lardner never lied or cheated, and everything he wrote appears to be both superficially and profoundly true, and terribly amusing, if bitterly so.

Cynicism on the March

The purpose of writing is both to keep up with life and to run ahead of it.

Right now American life seems to be badly bogged down in an anxious preoccupation with the achievement of security (for the future), and it can't be done, or shouldn't be. There is also enough cynicism in the people at large about themselves, their government, the workings of their political parties, truth in general, justice in general, honor in general, and so on, to constitute a kind of deterioration of the national character. Everybody appears to believe everybody else is a crook, or given the opportunity will soon become one. The miscellaneous petty clerks of the government certainly appear to believe every American citizen is dishonest, especially in the matter of reporting and paying income tax. Nobody in the government appears to be willing to recognize that taxes are too high to be paid in full, right down to the last literal interpretation of the nine million crazy laws covering them. And of course the cynicism of the people about their elected and appointed governmental clerks or executives is frequently confirmed by the public airing of theft, lying, double-dealing, and other forms of chicanery.

Is this sort of thing suitable material for the writer of fiction—of stories, novels, and plays? Yes, it most certainly is, although it is difficult material to work with, and fre-

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quently in the end the unabashed crook turns out to be a new kind of hero—because writers are not district attorneys, judges, or jurors, and they tend to find anybody they write about at least forgivable.

We Have Been Caught

The writing of a true fable is always a problem for the writer. He has himself to put up with in the first place, and then he has his material to put up with, to recognize, to accept, and to work with. How do you do it? It isn't easy, and after a writer works very hard for twenty or thirty or forty years, he may still discover that he has missed the bus.

To sum up this aspect of the matter, I'm afraid we must face the fact that America is no longer new, that it *has* been captured and hog-tied by the rest of the world.

Is it in order for us now to get uncaptured and untied, or is it in order to abandon all illusion and theory of difference from other peoples? I don't know, but my guess is that it ought to be about fifty-fifty. We *are* captured, no doubt about that, or we wouldn't have condescended to be so courteous to the Russians, though God knows we might have been twice as courteous for better reasons than that we were intimidated into it by weapons that have got us all thinking of future security instead of heaven. In a sense we've captured ourselves. In so far as that is true, it is in order to get uncaptured, but not in order to return to being discourteous to the Russians, or to anybody else. Just for the sake of our own souls.

As for being different, I continue to believe that at our best we are. This does not mean that we are superior. Nobody is superior to anybody, and if Americans can't understand that, they ought to go back where they came from, as the silly saying is. Only the superior are superior to the less superior, and both are about equally distributed everywhere, and who's who is immaterial for all practical purposes. We are different in our land—in the geography of where we are. It's as simple as that. When Detroit has stopped making automobiles forever, we will still be different in our land and geography. We are different to the extent that all peoples in all places are different, and after that we are the same, except for the jokes we tell and the fables our writers write and we read. Most of the fables are picayune, God help us—and most of mine most of all. (But I needed money at the time, I was fat, the tax collector had liens out wherever I might hope to earn an honest dollar,

most of my contemporaries were either dead or retired and the others had settled for the big money of movies or television, and I forgot to duck. Otherwise, my fables were true, and might have gotten at least more skillfully useful with time. As it is, I have in mind a new novel, a new play, and a new story that I think may be pretty good.)

Telebooks

How much do any of us need writing at all? Because of the arrival of the television screen in the American parlor a lot of earnest people, including writers, believe the need of the book is swiftly diminishing and may in time disappear. I consider this theory nonsense, not because writing is my profession but because there *is* no other language than the written one. Talk is O.K. for saying hello and good-by, but after that everything must still be written. It can't be put on film in photographed images of truth or untruth. It can't be put into sounds, whether of alarms or music. It can't be put into odors, or in objects to reach out and touch, as the blind do at their schools, in sculpture, or in paintings, or in gadgets. We achieved written language in the first place because we couldn't keep very much in our heads.

Instead of the disappearance of writing, I have an idea that the time will come when print will appear on television screens—without noise or music or anything else: just clear easy-to-read print, the print of written works. A new book will be released as a new film is released. If it's for kids, the print will be accompanied by a clear voice speaking the words. The picture to behold will be print, not mice acting like people.

Still, the matter of television is not unrelated to the problem of writing. Even the television advertisements of money, spelled m-o-n-e-y, are written before they are spoken or acted out.

And of course there *is* a new order of writer at work in television. Let us put this as plainly as it deserves to be put: The television writer is a bad writer. He has his excuses, as everybody does, but this writer is the worst. Working under pressure, his easiest way to drama, when he writes plays, is hysteria. People on their way to the kitchen faucet for a drink of water are liable to stop in the hall and scream that they're unhappy because Mother believes in marriage rather than something else. As for the television directors, they are so good at hysteria that even when they get a play without any, they put some in. And nobody busts out laughing at the nonsense until Sid Caesar or Red Skelton does it.

THE LAZY APPEAL of television may in the end do no more harm than to give the already split national personality a few extra splits, each fragment addicted to its own order of comfort—the book split, the newspaper split, the movie split, the radio split, the television split, the earning-a-living split, the bill-paying split, the children-rearing split, the baseball split, the sick-in-bed split, the sick-on-the-feet split, and finally the little split that *nothing* can touch, except perhaps truth.

On More Than One Key

Where is American writing succeeding? Where is it failing? For the most part, it is succeeding where the writing concerns itself with man as a sick bug, which he isn't. It is failing in what it *isn't* noticing, and in not

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employing a number of other ways to write about anything, or everything.

The most meticulously skilled writers, especially among recent arrivals, write brilliantly sick stuff, while writers with both skill and humor write plot or action stuff. Is the sick stuff so well written because everybody is in fact sick? I doubt it, because even the sickest man, the one in his last bed and not far from the end, is still *also* healthy. A farmer in Fresno once fell into an open manhole. The emergency doctor who reached him a few minutes later said, "How are you?" The farmer said, "Fine, thank you, Doctor," and he died. Or so the story goes. A joke of course, but it suggests what I

mean. There's something about sickness that's getting away from the doctors and everybody else.

In writing, sickness ought to be the healthiest thing in the world. There appears to be a little too much hate and self-hate in too much contemporary American writing that is otherwise quite good. And there is certainly too little humor and health in too much skillful writing that isn't enough concerned with the troublesome aspects of the human experience.

To sum up, the young writers aren't young, and the old writers aren't old. The young ought to be profoundly earnest, if a little wild and mischievous, and the old ought to be wise and funny, as Mark Twain was. The writer, old or young, can't invent the American world, but he can look at it in one of six or seven ways, and he ought to choose the way that makes the best possible sense. On the whole, the American world is presently a badly mixed-up one, and that can drive a good man to a very small corner of the nation, where his material is a little less hectic and a lot more easy to work with.

Finally, you never know who the next new writer is going to turn out to be. It *could* be somebody great.

A Chief of State Who Let Things Drift

SANDER VANOCUR

MY FATHER: THE TRUE STORY, by A. W. Baldwin. *Essential Books. $4.*

When this biography of Stanley Baldwin appeared in Britain last year, it was considered by many to be an answer by the late Prime Minister's younger son to the critical study of his father published by the historian G. M. Young four years ago.

During his rule of the Conservative Party from 1923 to 1937, Stanley Baldwin was all things to all men. Churchill compared him to Sir Robert Walpole in his undisputed mastery of British politics. At the other extreme of British politics in the years between the two world wars, Harold J. Laski was a devoted admirer. On one occasion, when Baldwin had beaten down one of the periodic outbursts of discontent among his Conservative followers, Laski wrote him: "I do hope you will feel that we who are academic Socialists rejoice in your great victory today as though it were that of a personal friend. It is not only that you yourself hold a special place in our affection. We realize as keenly as any on your side how vital a victory it is for the forces of sheer decency in public life."

BALDWIN gave a very strong impression of being at all times a man of moderation, trying his best to steer a middle course between the extremes of an industrial society which, with the decline of the Liberal Party, found itself sharply divided between the opposing poles of the Labour and Conservative Parties.

He was elected leader of the Conservative Party in 1923, when it had not yet fully recovered from the historic Carlton Club meeting six months earlier, at which a few words from the relatively unknown Baldwin took the party out of the Lloyd George coalition government against the wishes of such leading Conservatives as Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead.

Some political leaders have a way of letting events work for them. Baldwin was a master at this art, notably in the general strike of 1926 and in the abdication crisis. He did very little to avert the general strike, yet when it was over and the seeds of bitterness were so deeply sown in the hearts of British miners that they live even to this day, it was not Baldwin but the colliery owners who earned the strikers' enmity.

In the abdication crisis, Baldwin was quite content to wait for events which would work in his favor. He had foreseen in Edward's trip to Wales, where he had told the Welsh that "something would be done" about their depressed living areas, that there would be trouble with this young king. But Baldwin bided his time, knowing Edward was impatient with the obligations he had inherited along with the crown. Baldwin waited, confident of the support of the British public in what Macaulay in 1831 called "one of its periodical fits of morality." His patience was rewarded, and not even his bitterest critic could then or now deny that the British monarchy had been saved from sinking back into the low depths of public

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esteem from which Victoria had rescued it in the last century.

Sir Winston Churchill, who, with Lord Beaverbrook's assistance, attempted to use the abdication crisis as a wedge in forcing his own return to power, recognized Baldwin's adroitness in playing the waiting game. In his estimate of the man who kept him for ten years in the political wilderness, Churchill wrote this of Baldwin in the first volume of his war memoirs: "He had a genius for waiting upon events and an imperturbability under adverse criticism. He was singularly adroit in letting events work for him, and capable of seizing the ripe moment when it came."

Leaderless Britain

In spite of such praise, Mr. Baldwin's biography of his father again raises an important question suggested by G. M. Young's study: Is "genius" in letting events work for a political leader the same thing as effective leadership of a nation?

Baldwin was a masterful politician. This fact history cannot deny. But in attaining this position, did he not force his nation to pay a fearful price? Baldwin, as we know, was not unmindful of the threat of Germany. Early in the 1930's he warned his countrymen that their frontier was no longer the Strait of Dover but the Rhine.

But even though he recognized the danger facing Britain, he did not, from 1931 to 1937, display the kind of leadership his nation required. It is true that Ramsay MacDonald was titular head of the coaliton government from 1931 to 1935, but Baldwin, as his deputy, had the substance if not the form of power. MacDonald was a man without party, without health, and without the proper mental capacities to be Prime Minister. Since it was Baldwin who actually led the government, it was his duty to prepare his countrymen against the threat Hitler posed.

Baldwin was not a stupid man. His bitterest political enemy, Lloyd George, the man whom he cast out of political power in Britain for the rest of his days, once said of him: "He has a habit of now and again stumbling on the truth and then picking himself up and going on as if nothing had happened."

But he was a politician whose chief interest was to keep himself and his party in power. The British public was in no mood to rearm. In 1933, the students of the Oxford Union passed the resolution "that this House refuses to fight for King and country." In 1935, eleven million Britons signed the Peace Ballot, which among other things favored the "all-round reduction of armaments by international agreement." The First World War—or the Great War as it is still called in Britain to this day—left a mark which is seldom appreciated by foreigners. It robbed Britain of the generation of young men who should have supplied force and vigor to the nation and to Parliament during the 1930's.

Baldwin had sensed the mood of the country correctly. But he had also pledged that Britain would be ready for war if it came. In the field of air power, where Britain's shortcomings were consistently criticized by Churchill, Baldwin had pledged that "any government of this country—a National [coalition] Government more than any, and this Government—will see to it that in air strength and air power this country shall no longer be in a position inferior to any country within striking distance of our shores."

The Truth Would Have Hurt

In November, 1936, in replying to an attack by Churchill on the country's air defenses, Baldwin, in what came to be known as his "appalling frankness" speech, made this admission: "You will remember the election at Fulham in the autumn of 1933, when a seat which the National Government held was lost by about seven thousand votes on no issue but the pacifist. . . . My position as the leader of a great party was not altogether a comfortable one. I asked myself what chance was there—when that feeling that was given expression to in Fulham was common throughout the country—what chance was there within the next year or two of that feeling being so changed that the country would give a mandate for rearmament? Supposing I had gone to the country and said Germany was rearming, and that we must rearm, does anybody think that this pacific democracy would have rallied to that cry at that moment? I cannot think of anything that would have made the loss of the election from my point of view more certain."

Baldwin had said to the House of Commons that he was going to speak with "appalling frankness," and it was just that, almost without parallel in British Parliamentary history. Yet Baldwin survived because the abdication crisis began to unfold soon after. A little more than six months later, George VI had been crowned and Baldwin had resigned. For his services, he received an earldom and the Garter. He left London for his country home with the sounds of the cheers he received in the coronation parade still loud in his ears.

One thing cannot be taken from Baldwin, and it is a point which his son has quite rightly stressed in his biography. The British people *were* in a pacific mood, Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists alike. Bald-

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win did no more than most politicians would do: He carried out their wishes, and in so doing he remained a long time in political office.

Any Resemblance?

The British form of government and the crises that faced Baldwin in the 1930's are different from the American system of government and the problems this country now faces in its dealings with both Soviet and Chinese Communism. Yet there is this similarity: The Prime Minister of Great Britain and the President of the United States each have both the duty and the possibility of using their positions to lead their countrymen and to prepare them for far-reaching changes in national policy, which the mass of men can only dimly perceive.

Our mood at the moment is in many ways much different from that of Britain during the 1930's. But there are enough similarities—the apathy, the self-satisfaction, and the unawareness of the problems of a changing world—to make a comparison somewhat meaningful.

Like Baldwin, Eisenhower has thus far shown no marked tendency to use the full powers of his office in exerting a leadership either in domestic or foreign affairs. We are too near the unfolding of events to be able to evaluate what effect this absence of positive leadership will have on this nation.

Baldwin, however, is far enough removed from us for a historical measurement, and nothing that his son has written in this biography can refute the charge made by G. M. Young, Churchill, and others that his father did not prepare Britain for the ordeal soon to come.

His countrymen, who in any evaluation of this period must share a good measure of the blame, did not wait for the passage of time to pass judgment on Stanley Baldwin. During the war, in the midst of a general drive for scrap iron and steel, it came to the attention of several newspapers that the iron gates of Astley, Baldwin's home, had not been contributed to the drive. Remarking on this in the House of Commons, one Member asked: "Does *not Lord Baldwin need them to* protect him from the rage of the people?"

Privacy, Publicity, And Secrecy

AUGUST HECKSCHER

THE TORMENT OF SECRECY, by Edward A. Shils. *The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois. $3.50.*

The legal scholar and the sociologist have had their turns at analyzing some of the deeper sources of the recent preoccupation with security. Mr. Shils brings to the problem the insight of a political philosopher.

The book's thesis is fascinating and novel. In the medieval state there were two realms, the temporal and the spiritual. In the modern state, Dr. Shils suggests, there are three—the realms of privacy, of publicity, and of secrecy. All represent legitimate concerns, and in the healthy society there is an equilibrium between them. But the equilibrium can become deranged, and then a whole group of destructive or evil forces is loosed.

The realm of privacy is essential to the functioning of any government, and above all to democracy. For if men and women did not pursue their affairs on their own, without scrutiny or direction from the outside, the work of the social order would never get accomplished. If it were assumed that every citizen was responsible for what every other citizen was doing, life would not only be intolerable, but the controls inherent in popular government would inevitably break down. Publicity has its vital function, too. Indeed, the history of freedom is in no small measure the history of bringing the processes of government under the eye and the judgment of the citizenry.

Secrecy, the third in our constellation of realms; has its legitimate place. Without it agreements could not be negotiated, men in high positions could not freely argue their cause, and necessary arrangements for defense could not be withheld from potential enemies. Yet the very existence of secrecy opens the door to confusion. Men of a morbid and conspiratorial nature see plots being hatched in the crannies sheltered from the public gaze. Worse, they take privacy to be the same thing as secrecy and bring the engines of publicity to batter upon the walls behind which the essential values of the social order are safeguarded and its vital processes carried on.

The equilibrium characteristic of American society, Dr. Shils argues, gives publicity a paramount place. The American likes to know his neighbor and is resentful when he feels anything is held back from him. His nature is open; but it lacks, by the same token, those depths and subtleties, those inner secrecies and restraints, which in older societies are held to be the marks of a mature human being. The modern age has seen these tendencies given ultimate expression through the institutions of "populist democracy" and the media of mass communication.

How does it happen, then, that a passion for secrecy should have burst forth in the decade since the war? Of course there were many developments which accounted for the sudden emphasis on keeping things hidden and concealed. The manifest danger of the Communist conspiracy, the revelations of the degree to which Soviet espionage had been successful, the development of weapons of which for a time we had a monopoly—these contributed to the preoccupation with security measures and the search for traitors and "subversives." But there were deeper reasons, according to Dr. Shils.

"There are points," he says, "at which publicity, overreaching itself, also doubles back on itself. At the extremes there is an affinity of opposites. Whereas most Americans take publicity in their stride, and are affronted by secrecy, there are some, a small but vigorous minority, who are equally and extremely attracted by both." It was these who created the mood of recent years.

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'A Conspiracy Without Warrant of Law'

BROOKS ATKINSON

REPORT ON BLACKLISTING. I. MOVIES. II. RADIO-TELEVISION, by John Cogley. *The Fund for the Republic. $1.25 each volume.*

Reading John Cogley's report is a depressing experience. Although he has not written a moral polemic, the facts he has assembled have moral implications: that blacklisting has been accepted as standard procedure in the big entertainment industries; that the careers of many decent Americans have been destroyed by patriotic organizations or individuals who in turn regard themselves as decent; that those who act by making accusations or spreading rumor are few in comparison with the hundreds who frantically react; that there are few heroes on either side, since the methods by which people try to clear themselves are as odious as the methods by which they were originally involved.

If blacklisting seems now to be less savage than it was five or six years ago, it is only because the techniques are more orderly than they were when the big industries first tried to adjust themselves to an unprecedented situation. The original American principle of respect for the private rights of individuals and for their good name has now been forgotten or dismissed as an impossible ideal in an ominous world.

THERE ARE plenty of laws to deal with subversion, although some of them are unpalatable to some of us. Presumably the FBI has skill enough to keep track of subversives and the courts and juries can make equitable decisions after hearing all the evidence. But we have drifted so far from that procedure that as soon as Mr. Cogley's books were published, the House Committee on Un-American Activities subpoenaed him, not to inquire into such an un-American activity as blacklisting, but, as Chairman Francis E. Walter (D., Pennsylvania) said, to discover whether the Fund for the Republic stands "as a friend or a foe in our nation's death struggle against the Communist conspiracy."

Under the chairmanship of J. Parnell Thomas, who later went to jail for the un-American activity of manipulating a public payroll, the Un-American Activities Committee began this particular episode in the wholesale defamation of character by giving equal publicity to the testimony of crackpots and rational people. The Committee now has a vested interest in what it has been doing, and regards the Fund for the Republic as a threat to its omnipotence. For the essence of government is to keep intact the power it accumulates. In this respect, government is the enemy of freedom.

Incidentally, Mr. Cogley quotes an observation that George Sokolsky made in 1940 about the common abuses of Congressional committees.

"Civil liberties are always impaired by Congressional committees and by most administrative boards," said Mr. Sokolsky in the good old days. "The fundamental trial by jury, the right of a day in court, the right to be represented by counsel and many other basic civil rights are impaired."

An Inner Glow in Hollywood

Report on Blacklisting records the symptoms of a national psychosis. Like all psychoses, this one is not simple to diagnose or cure. Nor do any of the affected people have a monopoly of public virtues. For the nation does have a right to protect itself against subversives. And it is true that Communists were riding high and handsome in Hollywood until the Un-American Activities Committee made the situation a matter of public knowledge. It is also true that Communists and political fanatics on either extreme tried to turn the radio and television unions into political rather than professional organizations.

Mr. Cogley's background pages on the early days of the Communist influence in Hollywood—in the 1930's chiefly—are sardonically entertaining today. The Communist Party and various Communist fronts gave overpaid actors, writers, and directors an opportunity to extend their egos into the field of politics. Mr. Cogley quotes a pungent line from Eugene Lyons about the effect Communism had on some flamboyant Hollywood characters: ". . . it was an intoxicated state of mind, a glow of inner virtue, and a sort of comradeship in supercharity."

It is still an arguable point whether Stalin did not do the work of the Un-American Activities Committee more efficiently than its own chairman, counselors, investigators, informers, and witnesses. It is interesting to recall at this point that Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the New York *Times*, once suggested that a moratorium be declared on the associations and activities of lovers of causes for whatever stands they took before 1946 or 1947. For that was the time when Stalin made it clear that the war in which we had been allies was over, and that the old war between Russia and the West was being resumed. Thereafter the glamor of Communism in Hollywood got terribly tarnished.

But What of the Innocent?

Although the word "blacklisting" is abhorrent to most of the people engaged in it, willingly or otherwise, Mr. Cogley's volumes document a situation that is a matter of com-

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mon knowledge. Blacklisting is an evil because it has damaged people who are good Americans—destroyed some of them. Jean Muir, who was fired from "The Aldrich Family" in 1950 when a protest was organized against her, has since been "cleared." But her television career has been annihilated.

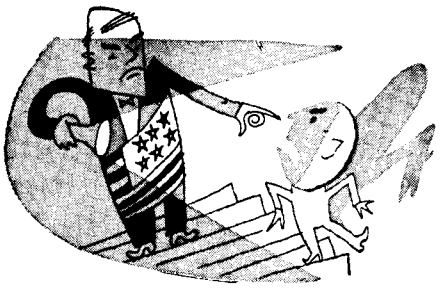
In blacklisting the most infamous evil is the fact that organized charges of disloyalty are frequently unfounded. Organizations that list people as participants in Communist or Communist-sponsored activities do not always accept responsibility for the implications of their information. In his discussion of *Red Channels* Mr. Cogley notes: "At the beginning of the volume there is a disclaimer pointing out that the listed activities or associations may well have been innocent of subversive intent; *Red Channels* is only reporting them." It makes no formal charges.

When in 1952 the American Legion sent a list of "some 300 persons" of doubtful political complexion to eight Hollywood studios, it said: "We respectfully request that you check this material for factual errors and make such reports to us as you deem proper." Less than thirty people on the list "failed to provide 'satisfactory' explanations." But both lists were immediately accepted by the industry as proof of subversion, and the innocent were hounded as ferociously as genuine subversives.

Standards of subversion also differ among the organizations and individuals who initiate the protests. Aware, Inc., believing that there can be no neutralism in resistance to Communism, requires its penitents to be publicly active in fighting "neutralism and anti-anti-Communism." In Soviet Russia Stalin had the same attitude toward artists. Passive acceptance of Communism was not enough; artists were expected to promote it by positive actions.

MR. COGLEY'S documentation confirms the general impression that business and industry, with large investments at stake, have submitted to blacklisting, no matter how distasteful it may be to the individuals who make the decisions. This is the nexus of power. Without the acquiescence of advertising agencies, sponsors, and film producers, blacklisting would not be an accepted procedure in the performing arts.

There is no reason to expect any change on their part. A letter by



Paul M. Hahn, president of the American Tobacco Company, presents a frank statement of the point of view of the television sponsor: "When a company such as ours uses its corporate funds to sponsor a program on television or radio, it does so with but one purpose—to reach the largest possible number of the public as its audience, and to present its products to that audience in the most favorable light . . . Since it is the function of an artist employed on such a program to please rather than to displease, and since the successful promotion of consumer products depends in large measure on the impression left by sponsored entertainment, it follows that we would be wasting shareholders' funds were we to employ artists or other persons who, under company auspices, are likely to offend the public . . ."

IT WOULD be naïve to expect such institutions to take on the burden of administering justice in a field that is not their own. In fact, it is difficult to see any solution to blacklisting. At best, the sponsors, studios, and motion-picture producers hope that blacklisting will go away without bothering them in their main work, which is originating popular entertainment.

If we are to judge by one of the recent hearings before the Un-American Activities Committee, government assumes that blacklisting is justified. The hearings had the effect of giving informers official sanction. Public opinion? Even if the people are interested, which seems not to be the case (prosperity being the opium of the people), there is no adequate way of clarifying the public mind. Blacklisting is a secret process. Even Mr. Cogley's two reports, designed to throw light on blacklisting, live in a half-world of furtiveness. In an attempt to protect some of the victims from further trouble, Mr. Cogley has omitted the names of people whose records he has examined. They are nameless and faceless in a report designed to help them.

The result is that Mr. Cogley's volumes inevitably have some of the quality of what he is exposing. He has to accept the manners if not the weapons of the blacklisters. Admirable though his scruples may be, the lack of complete documentation in his reports gives the public nothing solid to work with. Although Mr. Cogley has brought a lot of scattered information into one place, he leaves the subject of blacklisting still confused, intangible, and furtive. Blacklisting will continue until it sickens the blacklisters. Maybe it never will. It is possible that the intolerance characteristic of the last decade will become a permanent influence in American life. For bigness and conformity flourish together, and our enterprises are getting bigger all the time.

A Freedom in Chaos

Where investment is comparatively small and chaotic, and where the public reached is small, blacklisting is not a crippling evil. This is the situation in the New York legitimate theater. Mr. Cogley says: "There is no organized blacklisting on Broadway." There are no lists that are generally accepted. There are no "security officers" or "clearance systems." Up to 1955, Mr. Cogley says, "[Actors] Equity was the only union in the entertainment field which had a functioning anti-blacklisting committee and took a forthright stand on the whole question." More than a decade ago Actors Equity recognized the threat of being turned into a political organization and succeeded in eliminating it, not without a lot of pain and dissension.

Mr. Cogley says that actors on Broadway who are primarily political persons have difficulty in finding

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employment, partly no doubt because they are boring, whichever side they represent. But Broadway does not discriminate against "an actor who happens to take an interest in politics." Since Broadway people are no more moral than the people in the other performing arts, Broadway's freedom from blacklisting can be explained by its economic chaos and the small size and highly independent character of its audiences. In the performing arts, freedom is the reward of bankruptcy and littleness.

Mr. Cogley's brief chronicle of the Broadway situation is the only pleasant episode in these two depressing reports. In the mass entertainment mediums, blacklisting is an accepted procedure. Invisible to the public, elusive to most of the people concerned, it represents part of the basic frustration of our time. Fear of Russia has produced in us an ingrown civilization. Blocked by the Iron Curtain, unable to act normally in an outgoing fashion, we transfer our fears to our own kind and look under our beds for the great conspiracy.

If our nation has a happy future, some day we will look back on this psychotic period with the same incredulity and horror we have for the religious persecutions of earlier centuries. Those explosions of passion, bigotry, and self-interest look primitive now. Blacklisting is primitive today. But if, as some alarmists believe, the United States has already passed its peak, blacklisting undoubtedly will be regarded some day as both a sign and a cause of national decadence.

IN THE innocent days of 1947, when the motion-picture producers were still resisting the Un-American Activities Committee and feeling noble, their attorney, the late Paul McNutt, spoke some traditional American truths. Characterizing blacklisting as "a conspiracy without warrant of law," he said: "It does not require a law to cripple the right of free speech. Intimidation and coercion will do it. Freedom simply cannot live in an atmosphere of fear."

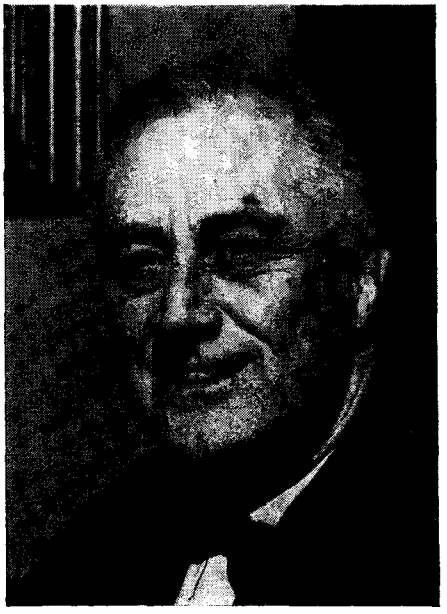
These statements may have sounded like platitudes in 1947. They sound like Holy Writ today.

The Presidency And the Art of the Possible

JONATHAN DANIELS

ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX, by James MacGregor Burns. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.75.*

The much-misrepresented Machiavelli, who helped give this book its name and theme, was not the first to suggest that a prince or politician must imitate both the lion and the fox. Far back in Scripture much the same idea was emphasized by refer-



Wide World

ences to the serpent and the dove. And Mr. Burns in his recounting of the career of Franklin D. Roosevelt has employed such symbols not so much to contribute to knowledge about F.D.R. the man as to use the contrasts in the career of Roosevelt to teach again the very old lesson which princes and politicians must learn if they are to succeed, and which the people—at least in retrospect—must understand.

IN HARNESSING the fox with the lion, Machiavelli did not make any special plea for deviousness. He wrote in the hope that he might teach a prince the ways to effective leadership in a far from ideal world. He has been made to seem a little disreputable since: No one would ever mistake him for Endicott Peabody, who set up Groton to instruct the sons of the American well-to-do. Machiavelli had no predilection for passing on pious platitudes to the young in a civilization as complex as Renaissance Italy, which was at least as intricate as the United States in the first half of the twentieth century. He did not think that little princes in Florence could be substantially nourished as leaders on political pablum in a world in which the hungers of man called for meat.

THE BOOK is labeled as "the first political biography of F.D.R." The phrase may be strictly true, but no detailed picture of Roosevelt's whole life (little of which, as Mr. Burns indicates, can be dissociated from his political career) emerges from this book equal to the one growing in Frank Friedel's many-volume biography. I feel that Mr. Burns hurries much too rapidly—and a little superficially—over Roosevelt's political beginnings. Very little new material is presented about Roosevelt in the political campaigns or in the White House, although familiar facts are sometimes presented with provocative interpretation.

And Mr. Burns devotes only seventeen pages to the tremendous period in which military leadership had to be political leadership, too—between Pearl Harbor and Roosevelt's death at Warm Springs. Undoubtedly, as he says, sufficient material is not yet available on those years. They were, above all, the years of the lion—and many felt that F.D.R. was outfoxed at Yalta. While hurrying past that crucial occasion, Mr. Burns observes that "Marx and Lenin seemed to have taught Stalin better than Peabody taught Roosevelt."

That is an easy epigram in a book

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full of much good sense. It does not reflect adequately the general thesis of the book that nobody taught Roosevelt except the world in which he lived and in which he had to act. I was pleased by Mr. Burns's reference to my father, Josephus Daniels, F.D.R.'s first boss in a political office, as a man with "a full grasp of the art of politics and the arts of politicians."

But Mr. Burns's book makes nothing so clear as that F.D.R. probably learned most from those who did not mean to teach him but to thwart him—that he turned left less at the urging of the Brain Trust than because of the dull recalcitrance of the Liberty Leaguers to contribute any true conservative guidance. He was never the "impractical visionary" he was so often called, but a sometimes too practical man needing to meet specific problems in a world of doctrinaire businessmen who were the captives of their own dearly loved economic clichés. In such a world he sought good as he saw it by methods that lay at hand. He was prepared to use the tricks of the fox for the purposes of the lion.

Guile and Glory

That assuredly is too great a simplification of Roosevelt's story. It is certainly much too early, as Mr. Burns admits, to write a full-length political biography of Franklin Roosevelt. After nearly a hundred years, we are only now beginning to look back with any clarity on the leadership of that great politician, Abraham Lincoln. But it is certainly not too early to make some use of a career and of times that still seem very near to us.

Indeed, a great virtue of this book is the vividness with which Mr. Burns has written the crowded narrative of Roosevelt's rise and rule for good or evil. His admirers and contemners will find ammunition here. Those who still believe that Roosevelt constituted disaster will find passages in which Mr. Burns reduces Roosevelt below the levels of Machiavellian deviousness almost to fatuousness. But those who still count F.D.R. the true prince of politics in this century will find Mr. Burns supporting them with conviction and grace.

That is not to say that this is a

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"yes, but" book. Mr. Burns seems to me to go driving through his story, letting his judgments fall as the facts arise, without prejudice and also often without restraint. In fact, his book is written almost as if it were not intended so much to instruct and persuade others as to constitute a sort of running record of Mr. Burns's own political development and education.

Like the rest of us, who prefer to think of our leaders as statesmen and not politicians, Mr. Burns seems startled when he finds that Roosevelt "performed many acts of compromise—perhaps of cowardice—in the White House." And it is with evident and resounding relief that he arrives at the point where he can declare that "after years of foxlike retreats and evasions, he took the lion's role."

Undoubtedly this approach may bring many Americans to understand Franklin Roosevelt. This generation may be much confused by both the bitterness and the adulation which attended F.D.R. while he lived and which have marked the many things written about him since his death. We can quite easily applaud the final triumph of bold virtue over shrewd ambition slickly served.

But despite the impression the book gives of narrating a rise from guile to glory, Mr. Burns's central lesson is the re-emphasis of Machiavelli's axiom that the lion and the fox together must always be part of the same political animal—at the triumphant end as well as in tawdry times along the way.

Those who knew Roosevelt best and loved him well will not, I think, object to the suggestion that a great politician—in our times or any other—must be capable of cunning. Lincoln certainly was. Indeed, the compromises Mr. Burns describes, the stratagems Roosevelt contrived, could be matched item by item from the career of Lincoln, who faced crises in the life of the Republic that were only a little greater than those which confronted Roosevelt.

Above all, the book emphasizes that only a great politician is qualified for great leadership in a democracy.

Mr. Forster Pays a Debt

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

MARIANNE THORNTON: A DOMESTIC BIOGRAPHY, by E. M. Forster. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.*

Marianne Thornton was E. M. Forster's great-aunt, whom he knew as a small boy and to whom he came to feel an important obligation; but he would have ill repaid it had he, in writing her biography, told of a commonplace or merely amiable woman. Happily, beyond being his great-aunt, she was a good deal of a great lady who expressed a period and a way of life that were rich in character and in certain ways very special.

If never celebrated herself, she came to know—or, what is more apposite, she had never not known—celebrities. Though not a writer, she was yet a gifted letter writer; and if her personal history was blamelessly scant and uneventful, her family history had its agitations and alarums, and her ninety years (1797-1887) throw a steady if changing light on English social history. Her world was vigorously moral and acutely well bred, a world of good living and high thinking which Mr. Forster has sympathetically but judicially recaptured, the dullness of it as well as the amplitude, the deafness of ear no less than the keenness of nostril.

It would be hard to praise his approach too highly: the taste that shows not a jot of mere tastefulness; the equal avoidance, in treating family matters, of too great defensiveness and too great severity. This "domestic biography" is a small, quiet book by a very distinguished writer—the kind of book, in fact, that is the best proof, and the most drastic test, of true distinction.

Thirty-four Bedrooms

On both sides and for several generations back, Marianne Thornton's ancestors had been solid, rich, high-principled people. Her grandfather, along with being a director of the Bank of England, had sat to Gainsborough and been the friend of Cowper. Her father, Henry Thornton the Elder, in addition to being a leading private banker was M.P. for Southwark, a cousin and intimate of William Wilberforce, a close friend of Hannah More, and a part of the once famous Clapham Sect. Marianne grew up in Battersea Rise, the family mansion at Clapham, with its thirty-four bedrooms, its delightful gardens, and its oval library that had been designed by the Younger Pitt. Every sort of odd or edifying or exceptional personality came to the house—bishops and African Negroes, Mohawk Indians and financiers, the mature Sir James Mackintosh and the boy Macaulay (the Macaulays were neighbors, as were—or would be—the Wilberforces, the Stephens, and the Trevelyans). All these families, so full of intellectual fiber and moral spirit, of growing importance and persisting talent and surviving fame, were also—save only the Macaulays—rich.

Hence life, though never baronial as with the affluent gentry, or indulgent as among London's fribbles and worldlings, was spacious and smooth. If starchy, the Thorntons conceded that "this is a world in which some amusement is necessary to enable us to perform our duties"; and though they went regularly to church and never at all to the theater, and debated whether it was right for young people to dance, there was about them rather a sense

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of opulent priggishness than of oppressive puritanism. Their great friend Wilberforce, the abolitionist, had tremendous gaiety of spirits, while Nurse Hunter, who was fifty-two years with the Thorntons, was "excessively untidy, which she maintained was needful if you wished children to be happy." Marianne was not just the casual inheritor of so superior and special a life; when hardly in her teens she became a kind of secretary to her philanthropist-parliamentarian father.

HER FATHER and mother both dying, however, when Marianne—the oldest of the nine Thornton children—was eighteen, life was thereafter a little atypical. The young Thorntons became the wards of Sir Robert Inglis, no stiff-necked Claphamite but a rock-ribbed young Tory. Fortunately Marianne took to Sir Robert and Lady Inglis at sight and, frequently traveling with them, acquired—what she might otherwise have lacked—a certain sense of the Continent and of the *usage du monde*. She became also the confidante of her oldest brother, Henry Thornton the Younger, whose character provides most of the crackle and whose career furnishes most of the drama of this generally domestic biography. Marianne in fact—by virtue of the vivid letters and memoirs she wrote—is herself as much a Thornton biographer as a Forster biographee, is less actor than seeing eye (with vivid blind spots of her own).

No one discussing Mr. Forster's book—any more than Mr. Forster in writing it—can give it an ascending narrative curve, or give Marianne a story. She had no story. She not only never married: she seems never to have thought of marrying, to have been crossed in love, to have *been* in love. She had more distinguished friends as a young girl than as an older woman. Her orbit slowly dwindles, her place in the world goes a little downhill. Despite the rather elegant Regency beginnings, she gradually takes on a Victorian look and cast of mind. Her relation, ultimately, is not even to her age (for she lived too long to express one age alone) but only to her family and the world it was part of.

WHAT the family was part of was that extraordinary upper-middle-class world which constituted an English intellectual aristocracy and was as intertwined and intermarried as any social aristocracy—that world of, among others, Trevelyans, Darwins, Wedgwoods, Macaulays, Stephens, Jebbs, Huxleys, and Arnolds that has fathered such notable cultivation and achievement. It is a little hard for Americans to grasp the precise dimensions of such a world because its nearest American equivalent, Brahmin Boston, so largely turned into, or married into, a *social* aristocracy. It is because the English equivalents of the Cabots and Lowells, far from being in a position to speak only with God, have spoken only at intervals with Cavendishes and Howards, that their cultural importance has persisted. They have continued to represent art and scholarship and thought, rather than subsided into Proper Bostonians.

To be sure, the Thornton marriages—unlike the Thornton friendships—were more often clerical or aristocratic or just plain dull than notably intellectual; nor is what is most intellectual in Thornton history what is really most interesting. The great Thornton coup—which Marianne brilliantly recounts—was the younger Henry's singlehandedly saving the family bank at the age of twenty-five. By dint of personal character and ability alone, he enlisted the help, first of the family's bitter banking rivals, then—which was without precedent—of the Bank of England, next of the Barings, and finally of a tough, hard-bitten Rothschild. Again, the great Thornton scandal came of Henry's flouting the Deceased Wife's Sister Act and vainly spending a fortune to have Parliament annul it. In defiance of the law, he insisted on marrying his deceased wife's sister while never wanting any of his own sisters to marry at all. His unhallowed marriage precipitated a comic family crisis: Not only was there no contact with the new wife, but Marianne had to leave Battersea Rise, which proved the great wrench of her life.

Morning Prayers

Living elsewhere far less grandly (at Battersea, on fine days, the beautiful

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lawn became a drawing room: servants brought "carpet and table and sofa and easy chairs" and there Marianne held court)—living elsewhere as a Victorian spinster sharing her home with a rather turbulent spinster niece, Marianne grows more provincial and more predictable. There is more boniness of manner, more indulging the family weakness of "Thorntons know best," and decidedly more impulse to meddle. Yet considering the influence on the family of Henry the Younger and the influence on the country of Albert the Good, and the whole sense of how will power corrupts and spinsterliness distempers, Marianne comes off extremely well. Her letter writing is proof of how superior were even the mere walk-ons of the intellectual society in those days. Take her, describing the Wilberforce ménage, at her most lighthearted and domestic:

"The scene at prayers is a most curious one. There is a bell which rings when Mr. W. begins to dress; another when he finishes dressing; upon which Mr. Barningham begins to play a hymn upon the organ and to sing a solo, and by degrees the family come down to the entrance hall where the psalmody goes on; first one joins in and then another; Lizzy calling out 'Don't go near dear Mama, she sings so dreadfully out of tune, dear,' and William, 'Don't look at Papa, he does make such dreadful faces.' So he does, waving his arms about, and occasionally pulling the leaves off the geraniums and smelling them, singing out louder and louder in a tone of hilarity: 'Trust Him, praise Him, trust Him, praise Him ever more.' "

God *and* Mammon

In Mr. Forster's words, "she sailed through the nineteenth century without being suspicious of servants, shocked by social *mésalliances* or scared by the poor." That she did sail through it, with the kind of assurance that would seem impermissible if not downright impossible today, is more a matter of when she was born than of taking unfair advantage of what she was born to. She is not to be judged by the diffused and impersonal liberal humanitarianism of today. Beyond a frequent goodness of heart and decency of impulse worth respect in any age, she had a provinciality of feeling that was as sweet as her provinciality of thought could be unsound. One cannot ignore the unconscious smugness; the desire to educate the poor which coincided with a "desire for a good supply of servants"; the Claphamite (so like the New England) horror of chattel slavery and indifference to industrial exploitation. Perhaps most revealing of all is Marianne's comment that Henry opposed a certain business plan as not strictly honorable —"and *therefore* not prudent." There is no sense of irony in Marianne's writing this. With all the Thorntons, God and Mammon can become one at moments.

MUCH TOO—despite genuine candor and perpetual chattiness—must have gone unexpressed; much often ran underground. One hidden spring suddenly gushed forth a week before

Marianne died. She broke a thirty-five-year-old silence by writing to young Henry's deceased wife's sister at Battersea Rise to ask for something that, as Mr. Forster notes, no biographer could have foretold and no novelist before Proust could have invented. She asked Henry's widow for some Battersea Rise milk. And whatever feelings of guilt toward his widow she might be seeking to relieve, or of forgiveness to make manifest, surely this was most of all a dying exile's salute to the past and an outstretched hand toward home. The Battersea Rise milk was, indeed, "a sacrament."

At her death Marianne stretched out her hand more meaningfully to the future, bequeathing her eight-year-old grandnephew eight thousand pounds. "This 8,000 pounds," Mr. Forster remarks, "has been the financial salvation of my life . . . for she and no one else made my career as a writer possible, and her love, in a most tangible sense, followed me beyond the grave."

Book Notes

A REPORT ON THE AMERICAN JESUITS. Text by John La Farge, S.J.; photographs by Margaret Bourke-White. *Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50.*

The most curious thing about this book is that it will not startle Americans. In our times Miss Bourke-White can photograph Jesuits prostrate before the altar at ordination, praying, teaching, reading a seismograph, flying an airplane, preparing students for the foreign service, mediating labor disputes on the waterfront; and Father La Farge can tell how a Spanish soldier founded the order four hundred years ago, and explain the methodically liberal education a Jesuit gets and with what aim in view, and no American reading the book will expect it to contain revelations about a mysterious foreign secret society that infiltrates our institutions, or, on the other hand, a vehement denial that the Jesuits are up to any such tricks. It is admitted now in this country that Jesuits, like Baptists, Quakers, or Episcopalians, intend no more, perhaps, than simply to love the God they believe in and serve Him. Thanks to this more reasonable evaluation of religious activities, Father La Farge feels no need to defend but only to narrate and explain the major spiritual and educational achievements of his order.

Immobilized in genre paintings for a long dull time, a gaunt Jesuit priest stood behind the Cardinal whispering something about the end and the means in his ear. Exquisitely urbane, the Cardinal played with a cat. A jolly monk drank beer. These nineteenth-century chromos, once mass-produced, are becoming rare though still available at moderate prices to collectors of the picturesque.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF MEDICINE, by Otto L. Bettmann. *Thomas. $9.50.*

Anyone who has ever thrilled to the command "Scalpel!" either actually or vicariously will not want to miss this collection of more than nine hundred illustrations and the accompanying trenchant text. A treasure trove for professionals, a delight for frustrated medicos. Squeamish beware!

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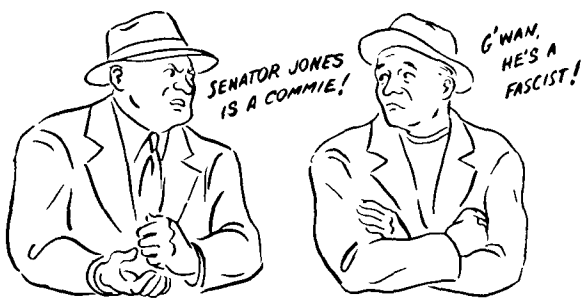

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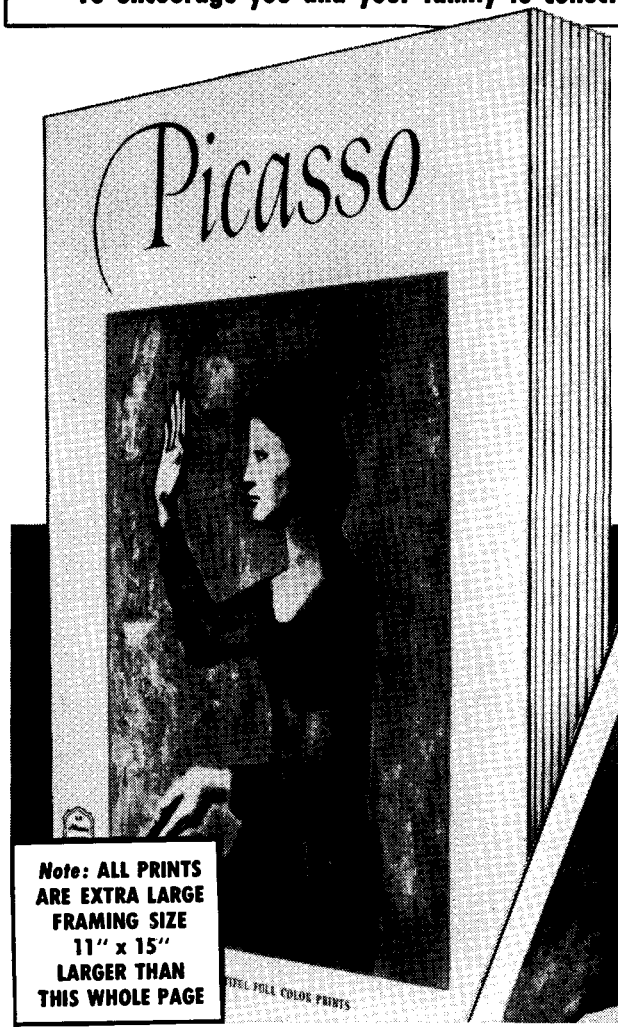

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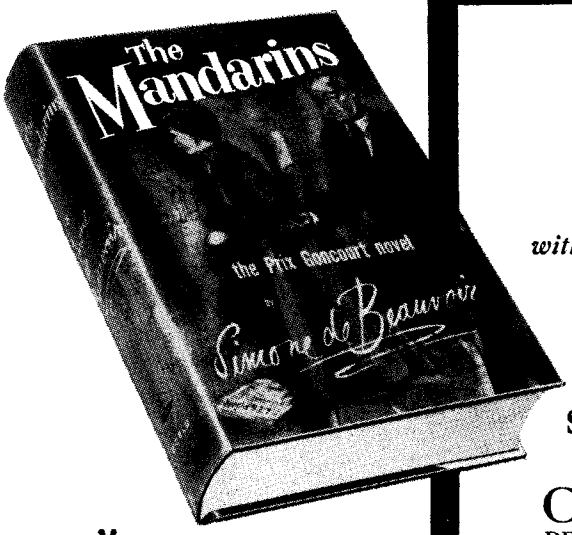

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For example, by analyzing the spate of promises and platforms and keeping watch on intra-party maneuvering, THE REPORTER recently was able to predict several important turns in the political tides. The following articles, which we published in the past few months, show you how THE REPORTER has been literally *surrounding* the coming election, step by step, to make sure none of its meaning escapes you:

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California's Democratic Clubs: A Revolt in the Suburbs *by Bernard Crick*

The Folklore of an Electronic Presidency *by Douglass Cater*

Notes on the Harriman Campaign *by Robert Bendiner*

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